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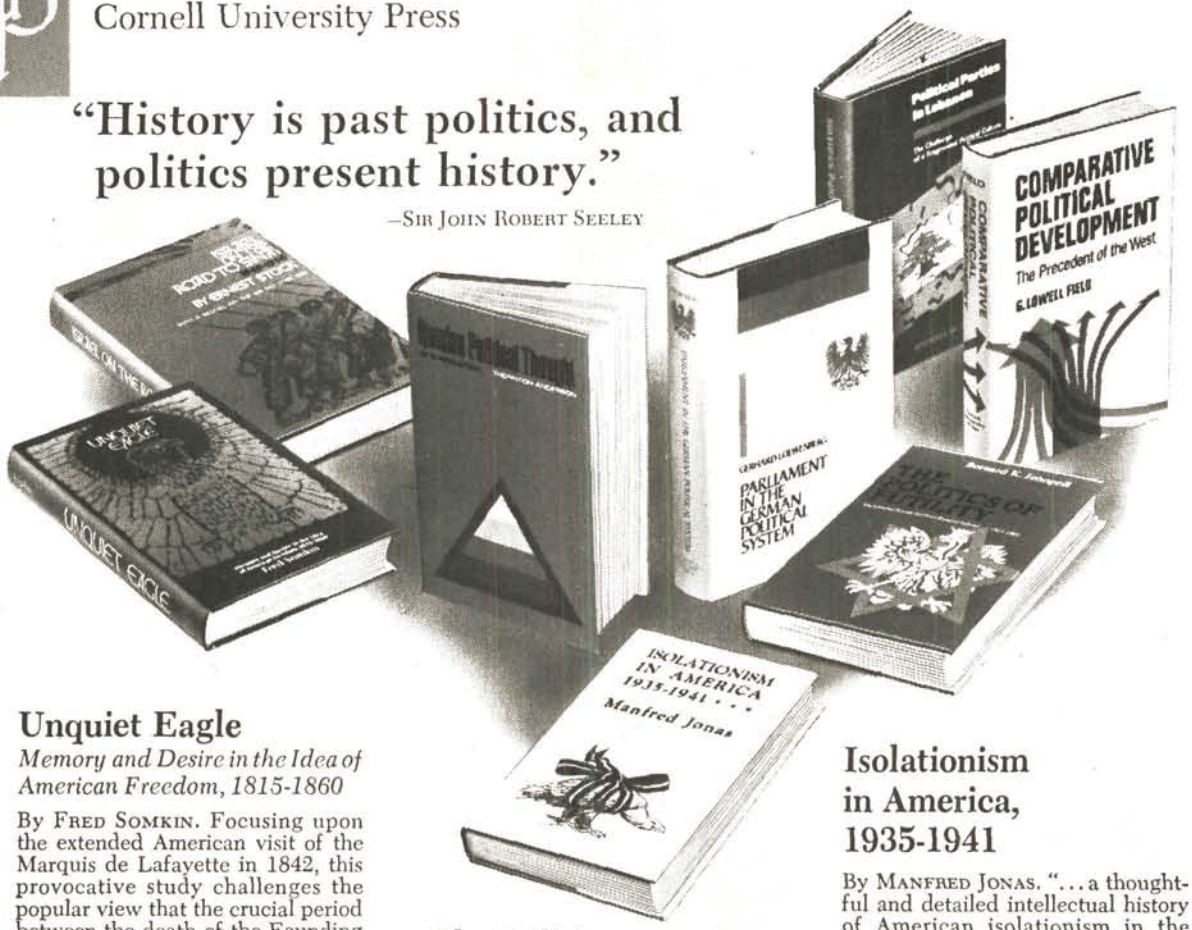

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Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965 a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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T.R.B. from Washington

Two Cheers

★ We thought the correspondent of a Central European newspaper was a little patronizing but he evidently did not realize it. He assured us enthusiastically last week that the elections were going to do America's reputation a world of good abroad. No revolution right away, it seems. Cleveland, and Gary, Ind., had elected Negro mayors and Boston had narrowly repudiated a racist! Even Mississippi, though it elected a racist governor, also elected one Negro state congressman and more than a score of Negro local officials. A reporter from a London paper congratulated us, too. "Good show, old boy," he said.

Well, good. We liked the results too. They indicated that the normal machinery of American democracy can, with luck, handle the current racial revolution. Last summer's riots have not frozen the political process. You can see how important this is. Present arithmetical projections give Negroes a majority by 1980 in Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis. Washington already has such a majority and a Negro mayor (just appointed). By 1990 the same trends, if unchanged, will put Negro majorities in seven of America's 10 biggest cities (all but New York, Los Angeles and Houston). Can our politics handle this fantastic change? Well, yes, it appears so, if last week's results are representative. It gives you a kind of nice feeling.

Editorials have been arguing all week that the ballot box has dealt Black Power militants a stunning blow. Maybe Congress has been aiding Black Power in its own way by cutting poverty funds. And while it is true that the white backlash didn't win in Boston, in Cleveland and in Gary, and that the National Guard wasn't needed and no riots or bloodshed developed, just the same the white backlash was there. A Democrat would normally win big in Gary or Cleveland, but this year the two Negroes just squeaked through. In Boston, Mrs. Hicks' crypto-racism won her almost one-half the white vote. Intolerance in America still bides time.

Other elections over the country showed, we think, a strong Republican trend. It would have meant a Democratic disaster in a presidential race. The GOP recaptured the NJ legislature, elected its first governor in Kentucky for 22 years and lost in Philadelphia by only two percent, which is sensational.

Meanwhile, San Francisco rejected a resolution condemning the Vietnam war, 2-to-1, making it the only city in the country with its own foreign policy. This means little, we think. It corresponds with Harris and Gallup polls which show voters repeatedly rejecting any immediate pull-out but opposing the war just about as emphatically. They want out, but they want a graceful exit.

Drugs on the Market

★ The highlight of the opening PBL TV noncommercial show with Ed Morgan was when the man with a sick headache reached into his medicine cabinet and disclosed Bayer's aspirin, Squibb's, Bufferin, Anacin, Empirin, Measurin and Aspergum, all with price tags, plus a local druggist's own no-brand-name variety selling at about a fifth the price and containing the same essential ingredients. The man with the headache lost it in no time as he explained that he kept the brand-name types on hand only for his friends, who thought there was a difference.

Now you can attack Vietnam, or Religion or maybe even Motherhood, but you can't attack aspirin in America, and we thought the walls were going to fall. Our compulsive start made us realize how much we were imbued with the pervasive Marshall McLuhan atmosphere. Well, perhaps the PBL medium *is* the message.

We are confident commercial advertising will fight back. Think of the millions invested in make-believe differences between brand names of the same chemical. The current *Reader's Digest* has an eight-page pull-out from a pharmaceutical association telling how dangerous it is to buy "anonymous" drugs. We hate to think of the cost of the insert going out to 20 million or so readers. The druggist has the "anonymous" drugs, all right, under his counter but chances are he won't sell them if he can help it.

President Johnson made a strong plea for consumer protection at a time when Congress was slicing up a new federal meat control law. He quoted as follows,

"Mary had a little lamb
And when she saw it sicken
She shipped it off to Packing-town
And now it's labelled chicken."

Congress, however, doesn't feel it should intervene if the chicken doesn't go interstate.

The President did a good job, too, in guiding through and signing the new Public Broadcasting Act of 1967. This creates a 15-man Public Broadcasting Corporation and offers a modest toe-in-the-door appropriation for federal aid to a noncommercial TV network. The law bans "editorializing" on such stations, which is a pretty ambiguous term, but Rep. Staggers (D, W.Va.), the sponsor, says this isn't to be interpreted as precluding "balanced, fair and objective presentations of controversial issues." Everything will depend, we guess, on the calibre of the new Board.

★ *Notes:* Rep. Ford (R, Mich.) told Illinois Republicans recently that under the present 12-to-12 tie in the Illinois congressional delegation the state would have no vote if the 1968 election goes to the House. The chances of this happening next year in a three-party race are taken seriously by politicians; the House would ballot one-state, one-vote and a state with a tied delegation like Illinois would have to sit silent. . . . Two young Senators, Teddy Kennedy (D, Mass.), 35, and Howard Baker (R, Tenn.), 42, almost singlehandedly killed the snide effort of the House to postpone until 1972 court enforcement of one-man, one-vote congressional redistricting; Baker, oddly enough, is son-in-law of GOP leader Dirksen, who has fought reapportionment. . . . Ronald Reagan, like Dirksen, is now available on patriotic records: It's about 1776 and "Freedom's Finest Hour" and it makes the blood tingle.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 157 Number 21 Issue 2764 November 18, 1967*
Published weekly (except the last week in July, the second and fourth weeks in August and the last week in December) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $9; Foreign $10; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1967 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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Gene McCarthy

Senator Eugene McCarthy must be aware of the odds against any man who fights, from within his party, the renomination of an incumbent President. Yet McCarthy is making that fight, and not as a "spoiler" or a stalking horse for another Democrat. The Senator believes that what he is doing must be done, that a great many dispirited Democrats want it done, that he can get the nomination next August and that he can win the election in November. These were breathtaking assumptions six months ago, they are daring today, six months hence they may seem commonplace.

The Kennedys are put in a somewhat awkward position by this new development. If Senator McCarthy enters the Massachusetts primary, which is likely, the Kennedys will have to make up their minds whether to oppose him, or merely to stand aside – neither helping nor hurting. Robert Kennedy, whose partiality to Lyndon Johnson and to his war in Asia has never been excessive, is on record in support of Johnson in '68. That endorsement was given, however, when no visible alternative had appeared on the horizon. Now there is one, McCarthy, and his views on Vietnam as well as on America's chief domestic problems correspond closely to those of Robert Kennedy.

Rank-and-file Democrats, many of whom for the first time in their lives had been considering abstaining or voting Republican in 1968, will be cheered by Senator McCarthy's step forward. The campaign has been rescued from boredom; issues will be debated; the answer to the jibe – "you can't beat somebody with nobody" – is that there will be somebody. In certain states, Democrats who want a change may rally 'round a favorite son as the leader of their delegation to the national convention. But now there is also Senator McCarthy around whom to rally. When dissident Democrats from around the country meet in Chicago in early December, the McCarthy alternative is bound to get a strong push. Not all Democrats who oppose Johnson for renomination will go over to McCarthy. But at least most of them and he will share the objectives of an open convention, the blocking of a first-ballot Johnson renomination, and a platform and candidate committed to ending the war quickly.

The President does not need, yet, to acknowledge the existence of any Democratic competitors. Nevertheless, he cannot be wholly unaffected by the presence of a flesh-and-blood alternative, and by the possibility of a McCarthy victory in three or four primaries next year. The President will henceforth be required to respond to someone in

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particular, and not to critics in general. He will have to stir himself, defend his policies. He will have to decide, finally, whether to make the race at all. Should he choose not to run, he would in our judgment prove himself a devoted and discerning servant of his party.

Whatever chance Senator McCarthy has of wresting the nomination from the President depends on the results in primary contests. Primaries are expensive as well as exhausting; even slingshots cost money, and there is no McCarthy campaign fund to date. Moreover, Democrats will not in every instance be given a neat, clear-cut choice between McCarthy and Johnson. In the New Hampshire primary, for example, the Administration, after some careful soundings, decided it would be safer for the President's name not to be on the ballot; instead Governor John King and Senator Thomas McIntyre will run as delegates favorable to LBJ. In Wisconsin, the primary situation is unique. Were a pro-Johnson slate the only one to be offered, dissenting Democrats would have had to use their privilege of checking the "no" box on the ballot; and if the "noes" won, an uncommitted delegation would go to the convention. A "no" campaign had already started up in the state. Channeling it into a pro-McCarthy movement will be one of the first tasks of the senator's friends. In California, McCarthy has perhaps his largest and most enthusiastic following.

The professional politicians will be the last to cut loose from their leader, however unhappy they may be privately, either with Johnson's Asian policies or the handicap his candidacy imposes on their survival. They will transfer their allegiance only when it has been shown that someone else is able to do better than Johnson – for them and for the party.

There has been much talk, encouraged by the White House, of the dangers of dissent – dissent on Vietnam (it helps the communists), dissent on Lyndon Johnson (it helps the Republicans). The cry is: don't split the country and don't split the party. But it is not the McCarthys, the Kennedys or the Fulbrights who are splitting the country or fragmenting their party. It is the President who has done that. And one of the consequences of the national and party demoralization is the probability, previewed by a Louis Harris poll released last week, that Johnson in 1968 would run behind every one of the six possible Republican opponents – Rockefeller, Romney, Nixon, Reagan, Lindsay and Percy.

The election is not this November, however, and Republican managers who believe *any* presidential candidate they put up can count on victory 12 months hence are giddy. Senator McCarthy's bid – and the public's response to it – will make more visible widespread disaffection among Democrats. Should McCarthy fail and the nomination go to Johnson, it is to these disaffected voters that prudent Republicans will address themselves when they pick their man.

FOBS, ABM, Etc.

There are multiple signs week by week that the quest for arms control is being abandoned, while the US and the USSR tool up for another major spiral in the arms race. On November 3, Secretary of Defense McNamara announced that the Soviets were probably developing a "fractional orbital bombardment system" (FOBS), designed for launching sudden, low-orbit rocket attacks upon US forces or cities. Apparently McNamara "preempted," by publicly disclosing the Soviet device three days before Senator Henry Jackson opened hearings on weapons developments before the Military Applications Subcommittee of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. The FOBS statement followed by six weeks the Administration's announcement of its intention to proceed with the production of what is primarily a *Soviet*-oriented anti-ballistic missile (ABM), camouflaged as a "Chinese-oriented" weapons system and recently given the name "Sentinel." There are reports that the US is developing a new third-stage for its long-range Spartan ABM as a defense against FOBS. We already have "a capability to intercept and destroy hostile satellites within certain ranges," McNamara said last spring. Further, the US has already developed and installed over-the-horizon radars which can inform us of approaching FOBS.

Throughout the postwar period, American strategic strike forces (bombers, carrier aircraft, intercontinental missiles and sub-launched missiles) have outnumbered those of the Soviet Union, often by wide margins. This strategic superiority is evident today in the three- or four-to-one ratio we enjoy over the Soviets in the number of warheads available and "capable of being reliably delivered with accuracy and effectiveness on the appropriate targets" (McNamara, September 18). US strategic offensive forces are immense: 1,000 Minuteman missile launchers, carefully protected below ground; 41 Polaris submarines, carrying 656 missile launchers – with the majority of these hidden beneath the seas at all times; and about 600 long-range bombers, approximately 40 percent of which are kept always in a high state of alert.

Inevitably, the Soviet leaders have been pressing to catch up. They may even labor under the illusion that they can obtain a margin of strategic superiority over this country. (At times it would seem that Soviet military leaders listen more to what McNamara's critics say the Russians can do, than to what McNamara says they cannot do.) There have been substantial increases in the numbers of Soviet ICBMs and in the tonnage of the warheads carried by these missiles in recent years. An anti-ballistic missile system has been installed around Moscow and possibly elsewhere. All these developments are closely monitored by our government;

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for example, last spring a special unit called the "Imagery Analysis Center" was set up in the CIA to determine the meaning of large holes around Leningrad and other intelligence suspected of being relevant to Soviet ABM progress. (The project was judged to be of such urgency that it was not assigned to "NPIC" – the National Photo Interpretation Center.) McNamara recently stated the "blunt fact" that if we had had more accurate information about planned Soviet strategic forces in the past, "we simply would not have needed to build as large a nuclear arsenal as we have today." So the intelligence function is extremely important.

What has been the US attitude toward these developments? An increasingly beleaguered Secretary of Defense is obviously torn between his commitment to maintain the present margin of US nuclear superiority, and the knowledge that it cannot be done except at great cost in dollars and stability – if at all. McNamara had argued against an ABM system but compromised and agreed to proceed with a light system; his September 18 speech is a model of an attempt to appease all the divergent political factions on the ABM issue.

Challenging McNamara's equivocation on the arms race are the Joint Chiefs of Staff and congressional forces – led by Senator Jackson – who reject the idea of strategic parity between Washington and Moscow and are determined to maintain US superiority at whatever cost. The Jackson hearings now under way (and which the Senator says will continue into next year) are designed to crank up pressures for bigger and better weapons, perhaps in space, while at the same time serving as an ill-concealed attempt to "get McNamara." (Reporters on defense matters rarely refer to Jackson's constituency interests. They might go back and read President Eisenhower's farewell remarks on the military-industrial complex, then find out where the Boeing plant and the Hanford atomic plant are located.)

Senator Jackson is worried about the shifting balance of power as the Russians reduce the gap in ICBMs and generally speed up their deployment of strategic weapons, while some American officials talk of limiting strategic deployments. In a mid-October speech at Stanford University, Jackson attacked the "tit-for-tat, action-reaction view" of the arms race held by "some scientists and civilian officials." He sees the Soviet Union building weapons independently of what the US does: the military technology race, he believes, has not reached a "plateau"; new technological developments could radically change present military relationships. Therefore, the US should maintain a "preponderance of power" and reject nuclear parity.

The great fallacy in Senator Jackson's argument is that the Soviets achieved *effective strategic parity* many years ago – in the sense that they have the capability of absorbing a surprise attack, and of surviving with sufficient power to inflict "unacceptable" damage on the aggressor. The gradual increase in Soviet strategic nuclear power is further enhancing their ability to damage the US – regardless of what we do. Yet it is extremely unlikely that the Russians can achieve any meaningful strategic *superiority* over the US, since to do so, they would have to knock out or nullify the larger US strategic strike forces, which are hardened, dispersed and mobile. The US, despite an impressive quantitative superiority in long-range bombers, ICBMs and sub-launch missiles, has been unable over the years to achieve a capability of knocking out Soviet bombers and missiles, while holding to an "acceptable" level, our casualties from a retaliatory attack. Senator Jackson and his allies in the Pentagon are perpetrating false hopes when they speak of maintaining US "nuclear superiority." There is no such thing. What is happening is a quantitative adjustment in the forces of both sides.

The real threat of McNamara's FOBS announcement is that demands will now be heard for an American FOBS, although such a weapon was considered and rejected as inefficient several years ago. "As either side increases its nuclear power," in the words of *The New York Times'* Tom Wicker, "it becomes extremely difficult for the other not to compensate, even though in terms of destructiveness the compensation is not needed." Meanwhile, both we and the Soviets wink at possible violations of both the outer space and test ban treaties. We and the Russians understand each other; we both must be reasonably free to pursue the course of madness by giving a surface expression of progress in controlling the arms race. No doubt, ways will soon be found to nullify the effect of the nonproliferation treaty that is about to be signed.

Foreign Aid Seesaw

Congress tried to twist the Administration's arm into withholding supersonic war planes from Latin American governments that receive US foreign aid. All it got was a vague promise from Secretary of State Rusk to "review" aid programs to countries that buy military hardware they can't afford. The likely upshot is that the Pentagon's super arms salesman, Henry Kuss, Jr., will use this to twist the Latins' arms into buying American F-5s instead of French Mirages. He'll doubtless say Brazil, Peru, Argentina, Chile, Colombia and Venezuela are determined to buy war jets anyway, so they might as well get them from here. Mirages cost more than F-5s, the Latins will actually be practicing economy, that's what Congress wants, isn't it?

No. Congress wants these countries to be refused sophisticated war planes that are clearly more offensive than defensive. But Rusk says a refusal would infringe their sovereignty. So the arms race in Latin America

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will presumably continue, fueled by this country, France and other arms pedlars, of whom the US is by far the biggest. Whether foreign aid will continue much longer in these circumstances is doubtful. Last week, only five House votes saved the foreign aid bill from total shipwreck. One lot of legislators wanted amendments that would have imposed trade sanctions on Britain and West Germany (because ships flying their flags visit Haiphong). Liberals saved the bill at the eleventh hour, by accepting Rusk's watery assurances about a Latin American review. But it now rests with the Senate whether or not to appropriate the $2.7 billion authorized for aid (the House offers only $2.2 billion) and $2.7 billion is a new low. President Johnson asked $3.2 billion. The end may be in sight.

Udall's Gamble

Rep. Morris K. Udall (D. Ariz.), a leader in the Democratic Study Group, recently told his constituents that he was wrong two years ago when he sent them a newsletter defending President Johnson's Vietnam policy and pleading patience and understanding. Now Udall thinks we're on a "mistaken and dangerous" road. This is what he said to the Sunday Evening Forum in Tucson, Ariz., and then mailed to constituents:

"I propose that the United States halt all further escalation and Americanization of this war and that it discontinue sending any more Americans to do a job that ought to be done and can only be done by Vietnamese. I am suggesting that we de-escalate and de-Americanize this war and that we begin the slow, deliberate and painful job of extricating ourselves from a hopeless, open-ended 'commitment' we never made. I am suggesting that we start bringing American boys home and start turning this war back to the Vietnamese. I am suggesting that we offer the people of Southeast Asia something better than the prospect of Vietnam-type wars as an answer to threats of subversion or aggression." He recommended a halt to the bombing of North Vietnam and a pullback of our troops to easily defended areas.

The response was heavy and sympathetic (12-1 in his favor). "What I had viewed as an act of conscience that would cost me political support, might turn out, in Goldwater's Arizona, a political plus," Udall says. Analyzing his mail, he notes that he got much more of it than he expected from academics, clergymen and other liberals praising him for his "courage" in reversing his field. Udall considers "highly significant" the number of letters from the business community, from men and women who are conservative and Republican, and who prefaced their remarks by saying they had never voted for Udall but that he was "right" in his new stand on Vietnam. He did not receive a flood of letters from the kind of "loyalist Democrats" who run the local American Legion post in small towns. He had thought he would.

Seventy percent of the hundreds of people who wrote praised him for being willing to say "I was wrong." About $800 in un-asked-for contributions were received.

One of President Johnson's advisers placed Udall's speech on the President's desk with a suggestion that he might like to read it. Some nights later, at a White House reception, the Chief Executive seized the Congressman's lapel to tell him he did read the speech and appreciated the way Udall handled his decision to split with the Administration.

The one paragraph that many hope the President read with care reads:

"I would say to President Johnson: facing this decision will take the courage and greatness of which you are capable. People will villify you, or accuse you of appeasement. Countless armchair generals will tell you victory was just around the corner. But in the end I believe the American people will rally behind you when they realize that this decision will strengthen our country and advance its interests."

Gone North

The story is an old one: a Democratic county chairman and some friendly election officials arrange systematically to challenge registered Negro voters and purge many of them from the rolls, at the same time registering hundreds of fictitious white voters. That was a classic Southern maneuver just before passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. But it happened this month in Gary, Indiana, where the Democratic machine that has ruled since the thirties was fighting Richard C. Hatcher, the reform Democratic candidate for mayor, and a Negro.

Before the drastic Voting Rights Act of 1965, there were ample, if not always perfectly effective, legal means for dealing with such maneuvers, and the Department of Justice used them in Gary last week. It was the first suit in the North by the federal government invoking the Fifteenth Amendment's guarantee that Negroes shall not be deprived of a vote on account of their race. It was an ominous intervention, in that it suggested that the North is destined to repeat some of the miserable history of race relations in the South. Perhaps there is some consolation in the thought that fictitious voters and such shenanigans are not altogether a new phenomenon in Northern cities, including, no doubt, Gary. What is new is their use against a Negro candidate and his Negro constituency, which, in Gary, is half the population.

The Justice Department's suit was speedily successful. A three-judge federal court struck over a thousand

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fictitious names off the list (Hatcher won the election by a little over a thousand votes), and enjoined the defendants to run a fair election. The court retained jurisdiction, so that any continued attempts to rig the election – which, of course, no one could absolutely prevent and which may have occurred even though Hatcher was victorious – will if detected be punished as a contempt of court.

Peace of Mind

Two syndicated columns and a *New York Times* news story – all published November 8 – illuminate the use that can be made of opinion surveys, public relations and newspapermen by a President uneasy in the seat of power. The first, the *Times* story, reports that Archibald M. Crossley, the pollster, is upset that some of his recent soundings done for an "unnamed client" had been leaked without authorization to the press by "individuals with a stake in the reelection of President Johnson." Unlike other polls, the leaked results had Mr. Johnson *winning* next year. Mr. Crossley is disturbed in part because his results were not that clear-cut. For instance, Nixon led Johnson in Crossley's New Hampshire poll. And in New York, where Mr. Johnson leads all other "probable candidates," Rockefeller was "ordered" left out of the running by Crossley's mysterious client. (In California he was shown beating Nixon, Romney, Reagan and Percy.)

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, Hall Syndicate columnists, are more revealing: "Democratic politicians visiting W. Marvin Watson Jr., presidential aide in charge of politics, can't get out the door without Watson stuffing their pockets with political polls showing President Johnson running for reelection stronger than anybody dreamed. Watson makes it perfectly clear he wouldn't mind one little bit if these polls found their way into the newspapers." So Marvin Watson leaked the polls, which Evans and Novak go on to say were taken by Archibald Crossley in New Hampshire and elsewhere, having been commissioned "by certain New York LBJ supporters including National Democratic financial adviser Arthur Krim and National Committeeman Edwin Weisl." Evans and Novak conclude that the Crossley results, differing as they seem to do from other, previously published polls, have created a kind of "peace of mind. . . ."

The third bit of newspaper intelligence comes from William S. White (United Feature Syndicate). "The view from inside the White House these days," he writes, "is a good deal less bleak than might be supposed from the outside." The "published polls," it is true, have not been a source of presidential optimism. But "some private polls are telling a different story. . . ."

The Troubled Times Of George Brown

London

Ever since Labour came to power, George Brown has felt, not always without justification, that his has been the hardest row to hoe. As the first minister at the new Department of Economic Affairs his options were clearly mortgaged from the start to the balance of payments deficit and the initial decision not to devalue. He worked on through a national plan that died in the womb, and through a many-phased voluntary prices and incomes policy which collapsed last July when the government finally decided that the dickering had to stop. Brown, bitter at the surrender of the voluntary principle, offered his resignation. Labour backbenchers pressed him to stay in the government, Harold Wilson switched him to the Foreign Office, and exposed him for all the world to see.

And he has been seen in France, clasping General de Gaulle rather improbably around the waist, in America, frugging the night away on the Queen Mary, in Scarborough battling with press photographers on a conference dance floor, and latest, but almost certainly not last, swapping verbal blows with Lord Thomson before a party of American industrialists in London. Never can so many column inches have been given in so short a time to a British foreign secretary. Wherever he goes, he makes or is made to make news. His ebullience, his temper, his fondness for a drink are all paraded, so much so that all pretense to mince words has now gone. Brown himself discusses his character on television, suggesting that he be taken as he is, for it is too late for him to change now.

Yet with all this he was until lately accounted a good foreign secretary, at best courageous, at worst refreshing. His support of the American government in Vietnam is strongly voiced. Wrongheaded though it may be, he gives it straight because as a long-time cold warrior it is what he believes in; just as he believes in a nuclear deterrent, and a strong NATO in Europe. On all these scores he comes under fire from the party left, and gives them back what is after all government policy unequivocally. The same is true over the Common Market, and the new bid to which the whole government is now ostensibly committed. And yet when at the party conference he rose twice, once to defend government policy on Vietnam, the other to defend government policy on the Market, he clearly bore the look of a man out on a limb expecting his colleagues at any moment to start chopping at it.

Earlier that week, there had been the incident with

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the press photographers when Brown objected to the attention he was getting as he danced with his wife. There had been too the monthly spate of rumors about his imminent departure from office. It was not going to be George's week. But probably just as unnerving for him had been the Prime Minister's own address, speaking on the government's record over the previous year, in which neither the foreign secretary's efforts nor the foreign secretary himself rated a mention.

And, furthermore, the impression that he was in the doghouse was greatly strengthened by Wilson's reluctance to give him a public word of support when the opportunity was presented to him on TV. Brown won the vote on the Common Market handsomely, and lost the vote on Vietnam narrowly, which was better in both cases than the government expected, but the foreign secretary left Scarborough unconsoled.

A major part of the trouble was that the Common Market application was running into predictable difficulty. The Commission of the European Communities had just reported on Britain's economy and indicated a strong case for devaluation of the pound. For as committed a marketeer as Brown, the Commission's critical verdict was dispiriting. It is very largely thanks to Brown's preaching that the government has been swung round to a new attempt to get into Europe. If the attempt were to stumble at the first fence then this would be a major policy setback for Brown. But it would be an even greater setback if rejection put the government off Europe altogether. And that is precisely what the musings of Lord Chalfont, the man Wilson picked to run the day-to-day market negotiations should they come, seem to presage. Chalfont was reputed as threatening reprisals if Britain was refused Market entry.

"Can't you take non *for an answer?"*

The denials and justifications, the original versions and the revised versions of what Lord Chalfont did or did not say at Lausanne still continue to flow. There can be no authoritative account, if only because the meetings between Chalfont and the press were spread over much of the day with varying attendance at each. Officially the government was quick to deny it planned any of the measures of retaliation Lord Chalfont did or did not touch on: recognition of the Oder-Niesse line, recognition of East Germany, reconsideration of the position of West Berlin, withdrawal of British forces from Germany and reconsideration of Britain's position in NATO. All or any random sample of the suggestions would hardly be to the liking of Washington, and on that score alone it seems only sensible to accept the government's denial. (This government has not been quick to offend the White House.) But in that case just what did the government's maneuver really amount to?

Whether Lord Chalfont meant his remarks to be off the record or nonattributable is beside the point (the Prime Minister said they were meant to be both; Alec Douglas-Home pointed out they couldn't be both). What is plain is that even on the wariest assumption, that one-fifth of what Lord Chalfont is said to have said was said, that fifth Chalfont was meaning to get into public print in some form or other at some time. At the very least the journalists present would have filed away the information to use as editorial material of their own. Chalfont, who before going into the government was Defense correspondent for the *London Times*, would certainly have been well aware of that.

The whole episode must cast doubt either on the ability of the man who will negotiate for Britain or on the credibility of Britain's intention to negotiate at all. Lord Chalfont's confidence in his own abilities has always been high. He counts among his qualifications for dealing with the French the fact that both he and de Gaulle are old soldiers. (Chalfont left the army for the *Times* in 1961). Military men apparently understand what military men are about, so no doubt the general will recognize the tactical victory that has been

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served up to him. Whether he will fear that a long-term strategic reversal lies within it is doubtful. Britain tried in 1962-1963 to cajole the Five into breaking with de Gaulle and patently failed; it is no more likely that more blustering (even if off-the-record and non-attributable) threats and warnings will prove effective. Chancellor Kiesinger, whose own real hopes are none too clear, is far too subtle a man for that.

But what if it were more than just The Chalfont Gaffe? Lord Chalfont is quite close to Mr. Wilson. In fact Lord Chalfont regards himself closer than any other, except perhaps the new token head of economic affairs, Peter Shore. It remains a possibility that in the mind of the Prime Minister this second Common Market application is really over. Time, after all, is no longer entirely on Labour's side. It can run another three-and-a-half years, but it has lost six by-elections out of nine since the 1966 general election, more than the Conservatives lost in five years between 1959 and 1964, and the majority of the losses have been sensational.

Something substantial must be done before 1970. It would not be enough to go into battle pledging Common Market entry sometime. Better to try some new tack. Better still to turn the Market rejection to some advantage. Perhaps try some of those things Lord Chalfont is said to have said. At the very least it might shake the White House enough for it to bless devaluation; a devaluation which can be blamed on de Gaulle.

Wild talk? Perhaps, but moods can change swiftly as the days of power draw to a close. Labour has its contingent of Little Englanders. It has its men for whom England's proper model is Sweden. But Lord Chalfont's official boss, George Brown, is not among them. Brown first sprang to attention in the Labour movement on the eve of the war when he weighed into the pacifist wing of the party. Throughout the fifties, Brown as much as Gaitskell stuck to the military commitment in Europe, and to the nuclear deterrent. Brown would not stay to preside over either a military or a political disengagement from Europe. It is on one of these grounds that George Brown's final parting with the Labour government could come. Besides this sort of consideration, the personal flaws are minor. It is frequently forgotten that George Brown is Labour's deputy leader too. He knows quite well now that he would never succeed should Wilson himself no longer be there, but even so a deputy leader is not an easy man to axe. That is not to say that the Prime Minister might not quite soon post him somewhere else, though quite where is hard to see. There remains the other possibility, that Brown may himself decide that the detractors and the publicists have won, and simply quit. And that would be a waste.

BRIAN WENHAM

Vietnam: How to Win the War

by Gilbert A. Harrison

I would ask each American – when he considers dissent – to consider . . . in his own mind whether he in fact has a constructive alternative course to offer. . . .

– VICE PRESIDENT HUMPHREY, October 23, 1967

I would hope that every person who has a plan . . . in connection with the war that our young men are fighting out there would engage in some introspection and ask himself whether what he is about to say is going to make a contribution to solving the problem before he speaks. – PRESIDENT JOHNSON, November 1, 1967

Senator Case of New Jersey is a moderate who wants neither to scuttle and run nor to fight China. We may take his recent summation of the situation in Vietnam as moderately accurate: "We have spent billions of dollars, and we are spending . . . several billion a month in helping Vietnam . . . and yet we are not making progress in the real war. . . . They have got between six and seven hundred thousand men under arms in the South Vietnamese army – less than half that [are] in the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong together. In addition, we have got 500,000 [of US troops] at least now, and the number is rising. . . . Now, if we can't win with that ratio . . . then there is something wrong with the way we are going about it."

What is wrong, I submit, is that the US has unnecessarily allowed its adversary a tremendous and possibly decisive advantage. And the remedy for that, I

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suggest, is for us to become what our adversaries are – the underdog. We should take to the hills and jungles and force the National Liberation Front to assume the terrible burden of defending a government in Saigon – its own.

Why is this a constructive alternative? The answer lies in the nature of this kind of war. The literature on counterinsurgency instructs us that in any prolonged encounter between government and guerrillas, pro-government forces must be considerably larger than forces trying to overthrow the government. In *The Lost Revolution*, Robert Shaplen refers to "the eight or ten to one superiority to a guerrilla force that military men consider necessary to defeat such an enemy." Sir Robert Thompson believes that "the magic figure of ten to one is . . . not a prerequisite, but it is an indicator." The most quoted French expert, Roger Trinquier, in his book, *Modern Warfare – a French View of Counter-Insurgency*, says: "Guerrilla warfare, because of the advantages that accrue to the guerrilla – for example, the terrain he has chosen and the population that supports him – can be effectively conducted by small bands against a much larger army." General Maxwell Taylor adds that, "In any guerrilla war, as we all know, by its very nature the government forces must have a very strong preponderance of force over the guerrillas."

Now, we do have a "very strong preponderance of force over the guerrillas," yet we aren't winning. That is no doubt at the heart of Senator Case's worry. Something *is* wrong. We and our allies, plus the South Vietnamese, have had and still have overwhelming superiority in manpower and fire power. Moreover, in addition to military personnel and matériel supplied South Vietnam, the US sends it over $600 million a year in economic assistance, as well as hundreds of "experts" advising on free elections, irrigation, education, sanitation, etc. Yet the war goes on, even though "there is no evidence," as the President remarked in his Johns Hopkins speech in 1965, "that the Viet Cong has any significant popular following in South Vietnam." Why does victory elude us?

One explanation is that although our superiority is great, it is not great enough. Yet if it becomes too great, and is too greatly used, the war cannot be kept limited; it will become general, that is to say, total, involving communist China or even Russia. That would not be a "constructive alternative." What is needed is a strategy permitting us to keep our commitment to our Vietnamese friends, to win, while cutting the cost if possible. That strategy, I suggest, is one of insurgency – as against our present strategy of counterinsurgency.

The advantages of an insurgent over a conventional force may need further explanation, which Sir Robert gives: "Dressed as a peasant, the guerrilla, except when he is carrying arms, is indistinguishable from the rest of the people. In fact, he can be both a peasant by day and a guerrilla by night. The government at this stage is faced by an almost impossible dilemma. If small patrols enter the insurgents' area, they are liable to be ambushed. If forces larger than the guerrilla units are yet prepared to enter the area, they will be harassed by sniping fire and held up by mines and booby traps. When they arrive at a village, they will find it vacated except for women, children and old men, none of whom will be prepared to give any information or even to fraternize willingly with the government forces."

This "almost impossible dilemma" could be got around, it seems to me, were we to do to the adversary what he has been doing to us: force our handicaps on to him; contrive it so that the Viet Cong are required to put into the field 10 or eight soldiers to our one. By "our," I don't mean American. For if a Viet Cong government in Saigon had to put up 10 or eight fighters to every one against them, the need for American troops would sharply drop, if not disappear.

Such a radical reversal of US strategy would not be worth serious consideration had conventional methods worked. They have not. As Trinquier says: "The traditional army, having at its disposal large numbers of trained troops and an abundance of modern material, in the final analysis is completely incapable of overcoming a practically destitute enemy whose leaders and men have received only rudimentary military training. Incredible as this seems, it is nonetheless a bitter reality." He goes on to say that "to carry out a war effectively, to win it, it is indispensable to identify the adversary exactly." But in Vietnam today, our adversary is a veritable Scarlet Pimpernel. Isolating and identifying him precisely has proved extremely difficult.

The adversary most easily identified, anywhere, is the *government*, with its visible symbols of authority – its titles, cadres, bureaucracy. If the forces of freedom were no longer governing in Saigon, but were instead in the villages and jungles, fighting with the people against the government, how long could a Viet Cong regime last? In this war for men's hearts and minds, imagine the difference it would make if Saigon's present rulers were leading an underfed, underarmed, black-pajamaed guerrilla movement against Saigon.

An insurgent movement such as that envisaged here – bent on rescuing South Vietnam from communist rule – would still need outside help. Clandestine landings at night from the sea would be possible. Likewise, there are land routes (Johnson trails) leading from Thailand through Cambodia and Laos to South Vietnam, over which US supplies could travel. It might be objected that such support for "our" guerrillas would violate the neutrality of Laos and Cambodia, which is true. It might be said too that any US sponsorship of a

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revolutionary force in Vietnam would be a gross interference in the internal affairs of another country, which is also true. But the intervention suggested here would be on a smaller scale than our present intervention. Moreover, an imperial power must be indulged in some things, as Felix Frankfurter pointed out long ago, when he worked for the War Department. "Frankfurter," the Judge Advocate General said to him one day, "I want you to help me. I've just been over to the White House" – this was just after the US seized the Customs House at Veracruz – "and I'm asked to write a memorandum whether that seizure should be treated as an act of war, and what its status is in international law. Will you work with me on that?"

Frankfurter replied, "General, I'm going to ask to be excused. I don't have to work on that. I know the answer to that."

"You do?"

"Yes, I do."

"What is the answer?"

"It would be an act of war against a great nation; it isn't against a small nation."

"I can't give him that."

"I know you can't, but that's the answer."

Another objection that might be raised to an insurgent strategy is that some of our friends in Saigon would not want to fight in the jungles. In that event, other leaders would arise from the ranks. And if they did not, if freedom is starved for champions – even though they need only be one to every eight or 10 Viet Cong – the whole thing's hopeless.

Some may say there isn't any sense in adopting a program and tactics (revolutionary development, land reform, guerrilla warfare) that so much resemble those of our opponents. That criticism misses the central point. What matters is not *what* you are but *who* you are. In Vietnam, we want victory for those who are not anti-American and will not be agents of communist China; our objective from the beginning has been the success of the "friendlies," for on their success depends whether China gobbles up all of Asia (for a start).

An insurgent role would have other advantages. It would lessen corruption; there would be very little from which to profit. Our boys could be brought home. The Russians would be in the awkward position of having to supply a government in the South that would be struggling to defend itself against great odds – a government, moreover, that would be trying to suppress a people's revolution. By shifting our strategy, Lyndon Johnson would at once circumvent right-wing opposition to his policies; he, not Barry Goldwater, would be the practical advocate of victory. He would also outflank the New Left, which is not so much pacifist as pro-revolutionary. He would steal whatever thunder is left in Mao Tse-tung's exhortations about wars of liberation. He might even win reelection.

What other choice has the US? Surrender is unthinkable; so is World War III. Negotiation now is not a constructive alternative, because neither side will surrender its principal objective. The US wants a South Vietnam that is anti-communist; the Viet Cong and Hanoi want the Americans to get out so that they can get on with taking over the country. Another bombing pause is not a constructive alternative, for it will not serve the purpose any longer of making Mr. Johnson look more peaceful. We have already bombed almost all, if not all, the targets of any military value in the North. If a bombing pause produced nothing useful when there were still things left to bomb, how much less use is it when there is nothing left to bomb.

It would not be easy to maneuver the turnabout I have described, not even with the most adroit intervention of the CIA. The NLF might not wish to assume the burden of governing; or the present regime in Saigon may not be willing to forsake its surroundings for the meaner life of guerrillas. Nevertheless, it can be done. As Secretary Rusk says: "Sometimes it gets tough, and sometimes we are tested, and we find out what kind of people we are." It's time we found out.

"Chuck" Percy

Republicanism's New Frontier

by Alex Campbell

Junior United States senators are meant to be barely seen and rarely heard. Charles H. Percy had not held any public office before he came to Washington from Illinois in January as a Republican senator and moved into the rooms in the New Senate Office Building formerly occupied by Senator Robert Kennedy. But this fall, when the senior Illinois senator, Republican leader Ev Dirksen, proposed tying protectionist goodies to a Social Security bill, Percy bluntly and publicly called Dirksen's tactic "unfortunate." He said it "recklessly endangered" the welfare of 20 million senior citizens, all with votes, who counted on an unencumbered Social Security measure passing and not encountering a presidential veto. Percy also noted that both political parties have long-standing commitments to freer world trade, therefore Dirksen's ploy threatened the country with a grave credibility gap. Dirksen finally gave way. Obvi-

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ously, Senator "Chuck" Percy intends to be both seen and heard. No one doubts he has his sharp eye on the political heights, even if next year does not turn out to be the year in which he gets his chance to prove he has a head for them. His idea of the ideal Republican ticket for 1968 is probably Lindsay-Percy (or vice versa.) He is a strong admirer of New York's Republican mayor. But Percy isn't a utopian. He will gladly support Nelson Rockefeller, an in-law he also admires, for President. Rockefeller with Percy as running mate? Percy doesn't say that. What he does say is that he'd hate for the Republican nomination for Vice President to go to Ronald Reagan and so risk putting a right radical within a heartbeat of the White House.

Percy doesn't like the Republican extremists; they don't like him. He can't bring himself to believe that next year the party will once again hold that extremism in the pursuit of ideology is a virtue, pragmatism a vice. He hopes political realism will take hold, and ideology will take a back seat. He had his first brush with the right-wing extremists in 1960, when Percy was chairman of the Republican platform committee. Actually, the platform was hammered together by Nelson Rockefeller and Richard Nixon at a midnight Fifth Avenue session in which Percy, in Illinois, participated only by long distance and courtesy of the protagonists. But when Barry Goldwater denounced the resultant structure as a shameful Munich surrender, Goldwaterites seemed to feel Percy shared the blame. They pursued him vindictively, even though he grudgingly backed Goldwater in 1964 because he had rashly pledged to support whomever the majority of the Illinois delegation to the national convention picked. The Goldwaterites did their best to stop Percy in his tracks in his own 1964 race for governor of Illinois, and he lost. Last year, when Percy ran successfully against Paul Douglas for the Senate seat Douglas had held for 18 years, the Illinois right Republicans were glad to see him out of the state, though they'd hoped that a second political miscarriage would finish him.

Douglas had taught Percy economics in college; when Percy upholds free trade he is speaking straight from the Douglas textbook. High chivalry marked the Percy-Douglas tourney, as befitted two names out of Sir Walter Scott. Courtly Douglas and courteous Percy vied with each other in politeness, with only occasional lapses into the snide. Then the Border Ballad atmosphere abruptly turned to horror, when Percy's daughter Valerie was murdered in the Percy home by an unknown intruder. Campaigning was suspended. Though Percy won, it was impossible to return a clear answer to the question: What sort of politician is Percy, really?

The available evidence points to him being a liberal. The trouble is that so little is available. His voting record in the Senate has been good, if you disagree with President Johnson about Vietnam but agree with most of what he's been trying to do domestically. Percy's votes in general have been in support of that. Also, he has co-sponsored a neighborhood uplift bill with Senator Ribicoff, and he praises Robert Kennedy. Yet, to many perhaps overcanny characters, Percy seems too good to be true. A Christian Scientist, he does not drink or smoke and never loses his cool. Now 48, he has been celebrated in Illinois as a business whiz-kid for 25 years, a long run for a boy wonder. Percy's father lost his bank job in the depression. Through Christian Science connections he was hired by the firm of Bell and Howell, which Percy later joined also, straight from college. Seldom has benevolence paid such startling mutual dividends. Percy was on the board of directors at 23, and president of the company before he was 30. Under his management, the firm's profits swelled tenfold and Percy turned millionaire. Less than a year in the United States Senate, and now he'd very much like to run for President or Vice President.

Well, Jack Kennedy wrote a bestseller right out of college, and was President at 43. Percy is a "new breed" Republican, which that party proudly claims (in its sober moments) to be a kind of cat produced by political evolution, nature's Republican answer to Democratic Kennedys. The new breed are bright, well informed on world affairs, pragmatists not ideologues, but decently concerned about the plight of the American poor and lower middle class, especially in cities. They themselves tend to be rather wealthy. Lindsay is rich. Percy put a personal fortune of $5 million into a trust fund when he entered the Senate. Percy's daughter, Sharon, this year married John D. Rockefeller IV, Nelson's nephew and a Democratic member of the West Virginia legislature.

In the person of Percy, we seem to be in the presence of a member of an Establishment that could become relatively indifferent to party lines. It tends toward the patrician and has picked up some fairly modern ideas, about Keynesian economics and the way the world is actually going (not on an anti-communist crusade). Percy has got progressively critical of the Vietnam war, as who hasn't. He's interested in breaking down East-West political barriers as well as tariffs, and in using big money intelligently, as a tool for cracking city slums and unemployment among the Negro and other poor. The question, of course, is whether his interest in those matters goes deep enough for him not to sacrifice good intent the moment political opportunism beckons. The prognosis is cloudy.

Percy got into the Senate partly by grasping that nobody really understood what the Vietnam war was about, and that fewer and fewer people were buying the reasons the Administration gave for our being in it. This perception helped him beat Douglas, and Percy has been sniping happily at the exposed Democratic position on Vietnam ever since. Like almost every

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other critic of the war, he has come up with his own notions for ending it. These are an all-Asian conference (only Asians really understand Asians) and elections in South Vietnam that would hopefully include the Viet Cong as unmolested and unmolesting participants (if they won, we'd leave). Probably more significant than Percy's how-to-end-the war thoughts are his commonsense feelings that bombing close to China is dangerous folly, and that the whole Vietnam mess will turn out to be irrelevant in the long haul. He thinks Eisenhower and then Kennedy grasped the real trend of events, relatively peaceful competition with the communists. Percy is a well-traveled man and his visits to Europe suggest to him that, quite apart from Vietnam, this country is in acute danger of being left out in the cold war all by itself. The rest of the world is vanishing round the corner, to where it's warmer, and the US better catch up. Congress has frowned on the Export-Import Bank extending a credit line to enable Russians to possess Fiats. Percy however likes the thought of auto-owning Bolsheviks. Communism is changing. On his most recent trip to Eastern Europe, Percy talked economics with men who he says sounded just like graduates of Stanford and Harvard Business School. It turned out they were.

Percy doesn't fear the communists will bury us. He believes there are no problems the 200 top capitalists who run the American economy can't lick, including American city slums and hard-core unemployment. When Percy decided a way to prevent riots was for people to become home owners – "people don't throw bricks through their own property" – it was natural that he talk it over with David Rockefeller, Edgar Kaiser and the heads of corporations like General Electric and US Steel. They satisfied him that $2 billion could be raised to create homes that the fairly poor could afford to own, by tapping the financial resources of pension funds, insurance companies and other major investing institutions. Pension funds alone, Percy says, have $174 billion to invest, of which only $20 billion is now in mortgages. Percy has never regarded raising money as a difficult chore. When he presided over the United Republican Fund of Illinois, he raised over $4 million in four years for the state party.

Percy was hurt when some cynics dismissed his plan for a National Home Ownership Foundation as a Madison Avenue gimmick for gilding the ghetto. He conceded that the 200,000 dwelling units he promised would be forthcoming in three years wouldn't do more than dent the city slum problem. But he kept hammering at the principle of the thing. Thanks to tax deductions, the prosperous have been getting low-interest housing loans for years. "All the money that has been spent on housing through the Federal Housing Administration," says Percy, "has gone to subsidizing the middle class." That's okay; but now is the turn of poorer people. The plan might not get down to the very poor; but "the Newark cab driver whose arrest triggered off the riot earned $5,200 a year." With Percy pushing home ownership, and Robert Kennedy likewise proposing a war on slums by private enterprise, conventional-minded Democrats who had been lazily going along with good old FHA began to feel embarrassed. The consequence this session was a rash of housing bills. Percy with his home ownership device was the warrior on the white horse.

Was. He may have been unseated. Senator John Sparkman, chairman of the committee handling housing bills including Percy's, finally found an antidote to the Democrats' embarrassment. He used the weight of the Democratic majority on the committee to arrange a shotgun wedding between Percy's home ownership bill and one introduced by Senator Mondale. At a stroke, the traditional-minded Democrats were disencumbered of almost all of Percy's horrid innovations. The merger, still under discussion, retains the novel and almost un-American notion of people who are not well-to-do actually owning their homes. But it leaves this revolution to be achieved by the tried and trusty – and exceedingly rusty – machinery of FHA, which Percy throughout the summer hearings on his own bill scorned as always too little, always too late, and "a horror story" as far as housing the poor is concerned.

Percy has been accused before of being a political opportunist; he will be again. His defense may be that a bit of a bill is better than none, and even a much modified version may well fail to pass a Congress that first rejected a rat control bill and has slashed to ribbons the Administration's rent supplement plan. Meanwhile, what has happened to Percy's principle? His own people are deeply unhappy. All is not yet lost, however. Even if it's done through FHA, the harried drudge the Congress delights to bully, the poor may get better housing terms than before, should the bill pass. And Percy has unsealed a dialogue that could prove quite momentous. The prosperous, who complain about subsidizing the poor, have been bluntly told by Percy and Mondale that it's they who are subsidized. The deeper he dug into the housing of the city poor, the closer Percy was driven to confessing that $2 billion wouldn't even begin to provide decent living conditions for millions of Americans. Percy then argued in effect that if more money were needed, more would have to be forthcoming, and if interest rates were too high, they would have to be subsidized. Before he apparently agreed to abandon his own bill, he was talking about 40-year housing loans at one percent. The new breed of Republican still awaits a real test of conviction, but for just a moment there, America trembled on the brink of economic revelation. Not bad, for a junior senator who once believed capitalism couldn't be improved upon.

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Ghetto Education

Joseph Alsop Replies to His Critics

Although some time has passed since the publication of "Fake Panaceas for Ghetto Education" (Sept. 23), this very strange document demands a reply, however belated. For the sake of those *New Republic* readers who may have missed the angry outburst by Messrs. Thomas Schwartz, Thomas Pettigrew and Marshall Smith, "Fake Panaceas" was an attack on an earlier article of mine. In this earlier article, I did no more than suggest that pursuit of the vital goal of school desegregation must not be permitted to interfere with a parallel effort – the urgently, even desperately needed effort to educate the millions of Negro children now in ghetto schools or soon to go to ghetto schools, who have little hope of experiencing integrated education either now or in the foreseeable future. I shall pass over everything that was personal to me, all of it grossly inaccurate, in this Schwartz-Pettigrew-Smith attack; for all this is of no special consequence. What is profoundly consequential is quite another point. To put it bluntly, Professor Pettigrew, the real author of the Civil Rights Commission's report on "Racial Isolation in the Public Schools," is either unwilling to look the harsh facts of ghetto education in the face, or has never troubled to gather these basic facts concerning the problem he discusses so glibly. If the real author of such an important government report does not know or refuses to consider the basic facts, we are in a pretty bad way.

The thrust of the Pettigrew argument is that emphasis on ghetto school improvement – emphasis, in fact, on truly educating the millions of children now in ghetto schools or destined to go to ghetto schools, where they are not now being truly educated – will provide "the self-fulfilling rationale for socially segregated schools for years to come." Hence the first basic facts to consider are those bearing on the question: how many Negro children actually have the faintest chance of escaping from segregated ghetto schools "for years to come"? Even the most eminent academics' desire to avoid "self-fulfilling rationales" must after all be subordinated to the needs of the children themselves – and their prime need is *decent education.*

Let us begin this part of the inquiry in 18 American cities – most of them among our largest cities. All of these 18 cities have total school populations that include at least 40 percent of Negro children. These cities are printed in italics in the table on the next page, which gives the Negro percentage of school populations of 48 major cities, as estimated by the office of the US Commissioner of Education. Concerning the figures in the table, it must be noted, first of all, that in each case they cover the whole public school population, from kindergarten through twelfth grade. In all cities, the percentage of Negro children in the primary and elementary schools is substantially higher than the percentage in the high schools. Thus, Cleveland, with a school population 49 percent Negro, has a Negro majority in the primary and elementary schools; and much the same upper-lower relationships may also be assumed for all the other cities in the 40-50 percent bracket. These few bits and pieces of data should be enough to indicate the total falsity of the Schwartz-Pettigrew-Smith assertion that "neither Washington nor New York are prototypes of American cities." New York is, indeed, not a prototype because its Negro percentage of the school population is no more than 28.4, hardly higher than Boston, which has 26 percent. (But in New York, the ghetto schools also include unusually large numbers of Puerto Ricans, who are not counted in the attached table but are another major element of the ghetto school problem.) Washington *is* a prototype, alas, in the literal sense of the word; for Washington is merely the most advanced case of an urban demographic trend which will surely produce many other super-ghetto center-cities unless drastic steps are taken to solve the ghetto school problem.

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Where St. Louis and Baltimore are today, for instance, Washington was only a few years ago; and the same observation applies, in varying degree, to just about every other city in the table with 40 percent and more of Negro children in its schools.

Here, then, are the 18 cities with the most acute current problem. In these 18 cities, there are now close to a million Negro children in the elementary schools alone. Officially, a school is defined as segregated if it is 50 percent Negro or above. Even if the entire school populations of all these cities could be automatically homogenized, so that each school would contain the exact citywide percentage of Negro pupils in the whole school system, every one of these cities would still have segregated or borderline-segregated primary and elementary schools; and in many of them, all the schools, including high schools, would still be segregated under the official definition. As a practical matter, of course, this kind of total homogenization of the entire school population is absolutely out of the question in any city of considerable size. It can be done – and often should be done – in small cities, and even in big cities where the Negro percentage of the school population is not too unwieldy. It has been done, for instance, in White Plains, N.Y., where the predominantly Negro center-city school was closed, and the center-city children are now being bused out to the four white, middle-class schools in White Plains' outer ring. But in White Plains, this involved no insurmountable physical problem, whereas in cities like Chicago and Detroit, mere physical problems put anything like the White Plains solution utterly beyond reach. In such cities, the great majority of ghetto children are inevitably going to be educated *in ghetto schools* for a very long time to come; and this is why the prospects of *improved education in the ghettos* now constitute a subject of such urgent interest and importance.

By "physical problems" I mean, for instance, the hopeless difficulty of busing scores and even hundreds of thousands of children back and forth, often for very long distances, over the length and breadth of such a city as Chicago. As the sinister example of Boston has all too plainly shown, meanwhile, no sane man who

NONWHITE PUBLIC SCHOOL POPULATION IN 48 MAJOR CITIES, 1965-66 SCHOOL YEAR

City	Nonwhite K-12 Population as Percent of Total K-12 Population	Percent of Total Negro Elementary Students in Schools 90-100 Percent Negro	Percent of Total Negro Elementary Students in Majority Negro Schools	Percent of Total White Elementary Students in Schools 90-100 Percent White
New York	28.4	20.7	55.5	56.8
Chicago	*52.0*	*89.2*	*96.9*	*88.8*
Los Angeles	21.0[1]	39.5[3]	87.5[3]	94.7[3]
Philadelphia	*55.1*	*72.0*	*90.2*	*57.7*
Detroit	*55.5*	*72.3*	*91.5*	*65.0*
Baltimore	*61.0*	*84.2*	*92.3*	*67.0*
Houston	34.0	93.0	97.6	97.3
Cleveland	*49.0*	*82.3*[4]	*94.6*[4]	*80.2*[4]
Washington	*88.0*	*90.4*	*99.3*	*34.3*
St. Louis	*60.0*	*90.9*	*93.7*	*66.0*
Milwaukee	21.2	72.4	86.8	86.3
San Francisco	43.0	21.1	72.3	65.1
Boston	26.0	35.4	79.5	76.5
Dallas	24.0[2]	82.6	90.3	90.1
New Orleans	*63.0*	*95.9*	*96.7*	*83.8*
Pittsburgh, Pa.	36.7	49.5	82.8	62.3
San Antonio	13.0	65.9	77.2	89.4
San Diego	13.0	13.9	73.3	88.7
Seattle	15.2	9.9[5]	60.4[5]	89.8[5]
Buffalo	32.1	77.0	88.7	81.1
Cincinnati	*40.0*	*49.4*	*88.0*	*63.3*
Memphis	*52.0*	*95.1*	*98.8*	*93.6*
Denver	13.0	29.4	75.2	95.5
Atlanta	*52.0*	*97.4*	*98.8*	*95.4*
Minneapolis	6.0	..	39.2	84.9
Indianapolis	32.1	70.5	84.2	80.7
Kansas City, Mo.	*40.9*[1]	*69.1*	*85.5*	*65.2*
Columbus, Ohio	26.0	34.3	80.8	77.0
Phoenix	12.0	NA	NA	NA
Newark	*53.8*	*51.3*	*90.3*	*37.1*
Louisville	*41.9*	*69.5*	*84.5*	*61.3*
Portland, Ore.	8.6	46.5	59.2	92.0
Oakland	*50.6*	*48.7*	*83.2*	*50.2*
Fort Worth	22.0	NA	NA	NA
Long Beach	*76.6*[1]	*NA*	*NA*	*NA*
Birmingham	*57.7*	*NA*	*NA*	*NA*
Oklahoma City	16.8	90.5	96.8	96.1
Rochester, N.Y.	20.1	43.6	74.6	65.5
Toledo	25.9[1]	NA	NA	NA
St. Paul	6.0	34.4[3]	64.2[3]	93.9[3]
Norfolk	36.0	NA	NA	NA
Omaha[1]	17.8	47.7	81.1	89.0
Miami	*45.7*	*91.4*	*94.4*	*95.3*
Akron	25.0	40.9[3]	68.1[3]	26.6[3]
Jersey City	39.6	NA	NA	NA
Dayton	36.0	NA	NA	NA
Tulsa	15.2	90.7	98.7	98.9
Wichita	14.3	63.5	89.1	94.8

[1] City and school district are not coterminus. [2] Does not include kindergarten. [3] 1963-64 data. [4] 1962-63 data. [5] 1964-65 data.

The table at right requires two comments. In the first place, the given percentages of nonwhite school populations do not include Puerto Ricans. Thus they grossly understate the true dimensions of the ghetto school problem in several major cities. Per contra, *they do include children of Asian origin. Hence they overstate the problem in one or two cities, like San Francisco and Los Angeles, which have large populations of Chinese- and Japanese-Americans.*

Second, the figures themselves are almost certainly on the low side. In Washington, for instance, the Negro percentage of the school population is given as 88. Last year, however, the true percentage was 90.3, close to 93 percent in the primary and elementary schools and 85.6 percent in the high schools.

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gives a tinker's damn for Negro education can dare to forget about political problems. In Boston, after all, there are only 26 percent of Negro children in the entire school population, and not much more than 30 percent in the primary and elementary school population. I do not admire Louise Day Hicks any more than Professor Pettigrew does. Thank God she was defeated, though by a disturbingly narrow margin. But the voters she appealed to are a fact of life, however sordid and regrettable this fact may be. In Boston, moreover the real problem was rather small in dimension, and should have been manageable by persons of reasonable goodwill. Thus it is obvious that situations even more threatening than Boston's can all too easily arise elsewhere. Unless, once again, swift and drastic steps to solve the ghetto school problem begin to be taken in the ghettos themselves.

In summary, school desegregation is literally impossible, even by forcible homogenization, in 18 cities which now have a Negro elementary school population of nearly a million, with scores of thousands more in high school. In 17 more cities – those with 20 percent of Negro schoolchildren or above – serious school desegregation is probably politically impossible; for a new Louise Day Hicks can all too easily emerge from limbo, in every one of these cities, if the right steps to solve the ghetto school problem in the ghettos are not taken in the first instance. And in only 12 cities on the Commissioner of Education's list – those with school populations under 20 percent Negro – is anything like truly and fully integrated schooling an imaginably feasible aim. Even where it is imaginably feasible, any realist must further note that the road to school integration can be all too rocky, although the task should theoretically be as easy as in White Plains.

Such, then, is the first set of basic demographic, practical and political facts that Messrs. Schwartz, Pettigrew and Smith have either refused to face, or have failed to take the trouble to discover. If fear of "self-fulfilling rationales" is going to prevent radical ghetto school improvement in a large majority of the cities on the list, something like a million and a half Negro children will then be permanently condemned to grossly inadequate schooling – and thereby in turn condemned to permanent inability to compete in modern society. This seems a heartless and antisocial decision to take.

There are also some additional facts to consider, which are of very great interest. Let us begin with busing, which was recommended as the sovereign remedy for urban school segregation in the Civil Rights Commission report, to which Professor Pettigrew contributed so importantly. In my previous article I called that report "scandalous" because it offered busing as its prime remedy, yet was datelined Washington, D.C., where the public schools are almost entirely Negro. The report would not have been scandalous, to be sure, if it had included a recommendation for a constitutional amendment, permitting forcible imposition by the federal government of some sort of general homogenization of the school populations of the District of Columbia and its white middle-class suburbs – plus the same sort of thing, of course, in other cities nearly as deeply afflicted by the white suburban emigration. If this degree of honesty and fact-facing had been practiced, the Civil Rights Commission report would not have been scandalous; it would merely have been silly. The report would have been silly, in the first place, because it would then have asked the center-city and suburban parents to tolerate their children wasting anywhere up to three hours a day on buses, in order to achieve homogenization. And the report would have been silly in the second place, and above all, because there is not the remotest chance of carrying the necessary constitutional amendment, in the highly improbable event that it is ever offered. I strongly favor busing wherever it can be of any use; yet it is abundantly clear that busing is useless as a *general remedy*. It can produce modestly useful fringe results within center-cities, although even in the center-cities, the results are bound to be more and more marginal in proportion to increases in the percentages of Negro children in the school populations.

On busing from the center-cities to the suburbs, Messrs. Schwartz, Pettigrew and Smith reassuringly declared that "efforts . . . in Rochester demonstrate" that "effective consolidation" of center-city and suburban schools "by no means necessitates a single metropolitan school district." Note those words, "effective consolidation." As usual, Schwartz, Pettigrew and Smith either neglected to inform themselves about the proud case of Rochester, or else they were once again guilty of citing nonsense-evidence. In Rochester, to be sure, some hundreds of children are being bused within the center-city, and others are being bused to the suburbs. But those being bused to the suburbs number only 220, out of a total Negro grade school population in Rochester that is close to 10,000. The children being bused have been carefully chosen for good past performance and high future potential. Even so, the majority of Rochester's suburbs are now resisting a plan to bus out a few beggarly hundreds of additional children. If this kind of "initial effort" demonstrates anything at all, it demonstrates the precise point made in my earlier article. And in Hartford, Boston and all other cases known to me of center-city-suburban busing, it is again the same story of a few hundreds, usually specially selected, out of the many thousands of children who constitute the true problem. In short, center-city-suburban busing is no more than a very minor virtuous gesture. I must add that I am not against virtuous gestures of this sort, however minor; indeed, I favor

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them, because even the smallest addition to our future totals of effectively educated Negroes will also be an addition to the number of Negroes equipped to compete successfully and to achieve conspicuously. But the crucial difference between remedies and gestures is another key fact that Schwartz, Pettigrew and Smith have failed to face or have not bothered to figure out.

Finally, at the very heart of all the key facts the Schwartz-Pettigrew-Smith team have either failed to face or do not know about, there is the major role of *unprepared* school desegregation in transforming more and more of the great center-cities into proto-ghettos surrounded by rings of prosperous white middle-class suburbs. In my previous article, I cited the case of the nation's capital, which has 250,000 remaining white inhabitants, with only 13,500 children in the public schools, as against nearly 500,000 Negro inhabitants, with over 134,000 children in the schools. Obviously a white population of 250,000, with only 13,500 children in the public school system (including teachers' colleges) is a demographic monstrosity in normal circumstances. Obviously, this is the situation in Washington simply because virtually all white families with children in need of schooling have automatically moved to the suburbs, except for those few in neighborhoods where the schools are still predominantly white, plus another, even smaller group who can afford to send their children to private or parochial schools. In the same article, I also cited the really tragic case of PS 7 and PS 8 in Brooklyn – one segregated, one white – the pairing of which was sponsored by the PTA of the white school. The result, as I wrote, was that school quality declined very gravely, because no adequate measures had been taken to maintain both schools' educational effectiveness in the face of a heavy post-pairing admixture of extremely deprived children. In consequence, the very same white parents who had sponsored pairing either moved to the suburbs or put their children into private schools, leaving two segregated public schools where there had been only one before. This case is particularly significant because the white flight from the paired schools took place *before* any very striking change in the neighborhood the white children came from.

A large allowance for the influence of change in the neighborhood must be made, in contrast, in the cases of the schools in "transitional areas," also in New York City. In order to try to maintain a reasonable racial balance in these schools, New York has been spending some millions of dollars each year on extras intended to improve school quality. The extras have been valuable, but the improvements have been insufficient to hold the schools' white population, which has declined by one-half in three short years. The school principals themselves attribute this emigration only 50 percent to the change in their neighborhoods, and admit that the other 50 percent is attributable to continuing white dissatisfaction with the schools. Yet sufficient improvement can indeed be made to hold and even to increase the white population in a predominantly Negro school, as is proved by the case of PS 307, also in Brooklyn. Here the school principal, Dr. Irving Carlin, had to speak on the Brooklyn church-circuit to get his first 30 or so white pupils, when PS 307 was reopened as one of New York's More Effective Schools. In addition, he was able to offer the special inducement of pre-kindergarten, which is only provided in New York by schools in the MES program. But that was more than three years ago. Today, PS 307 has over 200 white children going to school – being bused in, too – in a near-complete ghetto neighborhood. Seventy of last year's kindergarten whites have stayed on into the first grade; these first-grade white children's parents show every sign of intending to keep them in PS 307 until their primary schooling is finished – always supposing school quality is maintained; and the school now *has a waiting list of another 100 white children* who cannot be accepted because there are no places for them. This is no trifling business, either, for with 200 white pupils at present, PS 307 is already above 20 percent white, solely by *reverse integration*, solely resulting from the attractive power of outstanding school quality.

Evidently, however, facts like these are either too unsettling for Messrs. Schwartz, Pettigrew and Smith to digest, or they are too troublesome for them to ascertain. In their article they passed over, in resounding silence, the uncomfortably difficult problems of Washington's strange demographic pattern and the story of PS 7 and PS 8. Probably they had not bothered to learn about the results of the New York program for schools in "transitional areas," and they had certainly failed to inquire into the achievement of PS 307. Without offering any sort of detailed proof, they contented themselves with grandly remarking that "only about one in 25 white suburbanites gives" racial problems in the schools as his reason for moving to the suburbs. If you can believe that this is indicative or meaningful, in the face of Washington's demographic pattern, for instance, you are capable of believing six impossible things before breakfast, in the manner of the White Queen in *Alice*. The plain fact of the matter is that unless radical measures to maintain school quality are taken in advance, white middle-class families will almost always begin to exercise the option to move away, either to the suburbs or to another center-city neighborhood, whenever the percentage of deprived children in a given school rises above a certain level – generally about one-quarter of the total. It is not so much a matter of race, either, as it is a matter of the effect on school quality of the addition of large numbers

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of children who are educationally retarded; for the white middle-class emigration has also occurred in numerous cases where the educationally retarded children were Mexican-Americans, Puerto Rican-Americans and Appalachian poor whites. In contrast, moreover, there is more than a glimmer of hope that extreme (and costly) attention to school quality can quite successfully maintain a reasonable racial balance. Here, see the case of PS 307.

Add it all up. For anyone who is willing to find out the facts and to face up to them, several conclusions are unavoidable. First, no amount of court-ordering, no further dubious report-writing by the Pettigrews of the academic community, nor any other influence that one can think of, will save millions of Negro children from receiving mainly segregated schooling, either now or for a long time to come. Second, providing those millions of Negro children with a decent education, and thereby fitting them to compete in our increasingly technological society, is therefore one of the most desperately urgent problems confronting this country, which *must be solved, no matter what the cost.* Third, however, for all the reasons cited, the problem *cannot be solved* by exclusive, too often vain pursuit of school desegregation; in fact, the only available *overall* solution is radical improvement of the ghetto schools, in parallel, of course, with efforts to obtain desegregation wherever this is practically feasible. To these all too amply buttressed conclusions, one may also add another, extremely tentative conclusion. It just may be that radical ghetto school improvement, on a very big scale, will not only help to secure the school integration that Professor Pettigrew and I both fervently believe in as the ideal result; in addition, this kind of school improvement in the center-cities may even tend to reverse the terrible demographic trend that is threatening to turn so many of our larger cities into super-ghettos surrounded by endless rings of rancidly complacent, fatly affluent white suburbs.

That leaves the question whether sufficiently radical improvement of ghetto schools is really possible, given the cruel character of the ghetto environment. The answer is, thus far, that we cannot be quite sure about this, because all experiments with really radical ghetto school improvement are too recent to have produced final results; yet we already have very good grounds for hope. As giving grounds for real hope (but no means as a "panacea" or even as a final model) I cited the longest established effort of really radical school improvement, the More Effective Schools program in New York City, which was only started in the 1964-65 school year. There is no space here for detailed refutation of the Schwartz-Pettigrew-Smith attack on the MES program. It is enough to make a single, very simple point. Briefly, one of the cardinal requirements – perhaps *the* cardinal requirement – of the MES program is to catch the children young, in order to overcome basic ghetto handicaps like speech difficulties when the children are still malleable and receptive. This is why all MES schools have an extra pre-kindergarten year. For this very reason, too, the earlier grades, whose children really were caught young, are the only fair tests of the MES schools that are as yet available, whereas the higher grades are not fair tests because the children were not caught young enough. For reasons which are extremely mysterious, the Center for Urban Education based its most recent report on the MES schools (though not its two earlier reports) exclusively on the higher grades. The explanation privately given at the Center was that in Grade II, variations in test results between MES and other schools were too trifling to be interesting. But this, as will be seen, is flatly untrue. Before using the Center's last report as their test, one must add that Schwartz, Pettigrew and Smith could have discovered the untruth by totaling up last year's test results.

The New York Board of Education has just made available its more recent sets of test results for all the schools in the city. In order to get a fair comparison, I have eliminated three schools in partly middle-class neighborhoods (originally included in the MES program to see whether they could hold their white pupils) which have shown extra-high performance. I have used as my bases of comparison only the 18 MES schools that were formerly "special service schools" – which in New York means ghetto schools – and the more than 200 non-MES ghetto schools still in the "special service" group – not excluding "special service" schools with university or college affiliations, unusually helpful neighborhood situations, or other advantages. As the new figures were barely in hand when this went to press, I have only the reading scores; but these are exceedingly impressive if correctly interpreted.

Let us begin with Grade II. At the opening of the 1966-67 school year, when the norm was 2, the chil-

COMING: *James Tobin examines the idea of federal allowances for children*

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dren in the special service schools showed a reading average of 1.7. And when retested in April 1966, by which time the norm was 2.7, the special service schoolchildren showed a reading average of 2.4. In other words, their reading skills were equal to those of more fortunate children with only two years and four months of schooling, instead of children with two years and seven months, as should have been the case. Serious retardation had therefore set in already. In contrast, in the schools in the MES program, the children also started the school year below norm, but they were only one month behind, with an average score on the reading tests of 1.9. On the April retest, moreover, they were performing above the norm – in fact, above the average of more fortunate children – with an average score of 2.9. Of the 18 schools, furthermore, only three were more than a point below the norm (all of them in particularly horrible neighborhoods); and a few were also really well above the norm. There are many reasons for variations from school to school, which are also dramatically present among New York's special service schools. Centralized direction of the More Effective Schools program – which the Board of Education has just struck down – is badly needed in order to get at those reasons and to secure better performance in the small minority of less successful schools. Overall, in any case, the MES children were performing above grade level, on average, when they were nearing the end of the second grade. In Grade III, again, where the children had been caught less young, but still young enough to show the effects of earlier learning and better work habits, the two groups of schools still showed nearly the same contrast. At the beginning of the school year, when the norm was 3, the reading tests of the special service schoolchildren averaged 2.5, while those of the children in the MES program averaged 2.7. And in the April 1967 retests, when the norm had reached 3.7, the special service schoolchildren averaged 3.3, while the children in the MES program averaged 3.7 – on the nose of grade level, in fact. Finally, in Grade V, there was still a marked contrast, although the Grade V children had certainly not been caught young enough to offer a fair test of MES. At the beginning of the school year, the norm was by now 5, and both special service and MES schoolchildren scored only 4. But on the April retests, when the norm had reached 5.7, the special service schoolchildren scored, on average, only 5, while the MES program children had an average score of 5.3.

This talk of test scores and grade levels may seem bewildering to the average reader, but the figures are bursting with significance, nonetheless. They mean that in the representative earlier grades, the average child in the MES program *does not show the terrible, progressive retardation which is the curse of ghetto schooling*, whereas in those same grades, the curse already begins to show very clearly in the average performance of the children in New York's other ghetto schools. Furthermore, I have talked or obtained opinions from a long series of principals of successful More Effective Schools; and they are unanimous that their second-graders will go forward, on average, at grade level or above – in other words, be educated like more fortunate children – as they move upward in their schools to the higher grades. If this proves true MES will then be a solution of the ghetto school problem – but one must wait and see.

At this juncture there is only one point, indeed, concerning which one does not need to wait and see. If millions of Negro children are highly unlikely to escape from segregated, ghetto education for years to come, something has got to be done to give those children an education, *in the ghettos if need be*, that will fit them to compete in modern American society. The present system, of allowing the heaviest kind of educational handicap to be regularly piled on top of the barriers of ugly prejudice, is simply an inbuilt design for perpetuating discrimination and injustice in our society. The system must therefore be reformed, no matter what the cost. Hence educational theorists would do better to stop belaboring the arguments so dear to Messrs. Schwartz, Pettigrew and Smith; and above all, they ought to begin to study and explore every imaginable method of securing radical improvement of *the schools where the children are*. To do less than this, is callously to condemn to defeat and despair millions of Negro children who have no practical hope of integrated education.

In conclusion, I must repeat with emphasis that fully integrated schools in a fully integrated society must always be the American aim. The question is not what the aim ought to be. The question is, really, how to attain that aim – whether, for example, ghetto school improvement to equip Negro children for equal future competition with their white middle-class contemporaries is not an unavoidable prerequisite to eventual attainment of the total aim. There are many ways to approach this central question. Only one thing is already certain. Any approach that is *not* based on all the facts, that ignores current urban demography, that lets "the best become the enemy of the good," that is self-serving and fundamentally dishonest in its formulation of the problem, will surely meet with disastrous failure. And when you can find great encouragement in Rochester; when you can forget about or overlook the million elementary schoolchildren of Washington and 17 other major cities; when you can prate about busing as a general remedy and are driven to snide misstatement concerning the one promising in-ghetto solution that is well under way thus far, then your approach belongs in the class described above.

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Scribes Transcribed

The volumes called *Writers at Work* are really about writers at talk – to interviewers; but most of it is stimulating talk. The third book in the series * sustains the high average. There is interesting personal material about some fine writers (Bellow and Céline), and lesser writers get the chance to show personal material that is more interesting than their work (Lillian Hellman and Allen Ginsberg). Only one author in this new volume of 14 interviews is uninteresting both as writer and subject: James Jones.

All these interviews appeared first in the *Paris Review*, and seen singly there, each one was more authoritative. To read right through a collection of them is, among other things, a little funny. In his introduction to the first volume (1958), Malcolm Cowley pointed out the flat contradictions between authors on various points. For the present volume I need only mention that there are interviews with both Evelyn Waugh and William Burroughs. Distance, between interviews, lends enhancement. There is considerable reason why writers should be more diverse than most human beings, and anyone looking in these volumes for general precepts is headed for confusion. The best use of these books, I have found, is as reference works. If you have read something by one of these authors and are curious about him personally, if you just want to loaf around a bit longer in his company, most of these interviews are rewarding.

The character of the series has altered somewhat. The first volume was concerned exclusively with novelists; the second added some poets; this latest adds playwrights: Pinter, Miller, Albee, Hellman – and Cocteau, poet-novelist-playwright-filmmaker. Thus, in this new volume, there is a new contrast among the subjects.

Speaking generally, one can say that novelists and poets live within their professions, concerned chiefly with their relationships with their work and – to some degree sometimes – with their public. The playwrights give the impression of living on a battlefront in a war between them and the world. Principally this is because, in our theatre, every new play is a kind of offensive that must conquer quickly or fade, a phenomenon only partially comparable to the publication of a book. Consequently, in these interviews with playwrights we get a much greater concern with critics than in the other interviews. To the playwright, the critic is the proved or possible Enemy. For myself, although I do not think that a good theatre critic can be anything but a desperate optimist, I cannot see how, in our present theatre structure, the playwright could think otherwise than he does.

Through all the interviews, the tone varies widely, from the truly *spoken* – the rhapsodic ramblings of Ginsberg and Blaise Cendrars – to the measured and obviously edited. An example of the latter is Edward Albee's interview, which was conducted by the composer William Flanagan, who has written incidental music for Albee's plays and with whom he has collaborated on an opera. The interview has no effect of an encounter, as most of them have; it is more like a joint communiqué. One of the shortest and pithiest interviews is that with Harold Pinter (in my view, the best of the playwrights in this group). And without any modesty, false or true, his talk is among the least egocentric:

> "I think, you see, that this is an age of such overblown publicity and overemphatic pinning down. I'm a very good example of a writer who can write, but I'm not as good as all that. I'm just a writer; and I think I've been overblown tremendously because there's a dearth of really fine writing, and people tend to make too much of a meal."

In his introduction to this new volume, Alfred Kazin comments on the difference between the "classic interview" and the modern interview, or profile:

> "The classic interview with a Great Man probably had its origins in religious discipleship, and the purest example of it is still Plato's Dialogues. What the interviewer really asks is: How Are We To Live? A profile, by contrast, is a sketch; what used to be called a 'character' – a personality is quickly built up before our eyes. . . . A profile, by common understanding, is due someone currently important. The interview is our way of understanding his fame."

To this a sociological element can be added. By way of analogy: I have a number of recordings made by actors before the First War. (One, by Edwin Booth, was made in 1890.) I play them only for people who can compensate for the fact that these actors grew up in a "non-recording" world; they knew nothing of mike technique or of the mystique of studios, they had no concept of a society populated with almost as many sound and film images as people. The double self of the celebrity – me on the one hand, my recordings and films on the other – did not exist. The subjects of these *Paris Review* interviews are writers, not actors, but there is a clear sense that they have grown up in a Performers' World.

Two small notes. The picture of Céline is the most scary photograph of an artist I have seen since the one of the insane Donizetti in Herbert Weinstock's biography. And Cendrars gives the perfect "pro" answer to the question of whether he likes Sartre. "I have no opinion of him, Sartre doesn't send me his books."

Beginning with the issue of December 2, Stanley Kauffmann will resume the post of film critic for *The New Republic*, which he held from early 1958 through 1965. In his column on this page he will alternate reviews of films with book reviews.

* *Writers at Work*, The *Paris Review* Interviews, Third Series Introduced by Alfred Kazin (Viking; $7.95).

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A Greats Man

by John Wain

Sir Maurice's book will have, I think, a special interest for Americans. It will provide many points of comparison between the academic and social structures in England and America. The American academic establishment, once very much isolated from the more active side of American life in business or politics, has lately become involved in a way that has altered its whole structure. The professor is now a familiar figure in every American enterprise, private or governmental. At bottom, this is a consequence of the wealth

Memories, 1898-1939
by C. M. Bowra
(Harvard; $7.95)

of American industry, which in turn has enriched the universities and expanded them enormously, so that they have absorbed almost the whole of the American intelligentsia and at the same time enlarged that intelligentsia into a numerous and powerful body, clamoring for action. The results of all this are not entirely good for American life, since the university in its classic form is too restricted a place for a large and multifarious intellectual class, and the prevailing confusion in the American universities is probably owing to this: the classic form has been abandoned, and no one is quite sure whether the university exists to amass and impart knowledge, or to foster political and social dissent, or to bind millions of young people into a homogeneous middle class by giving them a common background of TV-quiz knowledge, or an uneasy blend of all three.

Since England is at the moment hell-bent on getting away from America politically while at the same time imitating it more and more closely in social attitudes, the same confusion is naturally showing up in *our* universities. (Our Charles Van Doren has not yet shown up, but I expect him at any moment.) This means, among other things, that we are taking our final leave of the kind of relationship which, in the past, the academic world has had with the world of power, money and social influence. Bowra's memoirs give us an opportunity to see what that relationship has been, and how it has worked out in the life of one very gifted individual.

Bowra (I know I should call him "Sir Maurice," but for over twenty years I have thought and spoken of him as "Bowra," and "Sir Maurice" sounds like somebody different who has suddenly stepped on to the stage), is a classical scholar, and this has put him into the center of things at Oxford as it would never have done anywhere else. It was, I believe, the Victorians who had the idea of jamming together the classics and philosophy, with ancient history as the glue-bottle, calling the result "Greats" or more formally "Humane Letters" *(Litorae Humaniores)*. For many years it was Oxford's main educational instrument. Certainly it was a Victorian who gave *Lit. Hum.* its most resounding plug, Jowett's "a Greats man can turn his hand to anything." Jowett's own way of turning his hand to anything was to encourage his Balliol students to go out and win positions of power and influence, and to keep up assiduously with those who succeeded in doing so. Jowett had a good mind, but in retrospect he seems a faintly absurd figure, especially in his conviction that he was a Western *guru*, forming young men and sending them out to fulfill their country's destiny – a destiny which he saw too narrowly in the light of his own notions.

What Jowett represents, not only in Oxford but for the English academic world in general, is the tradition of the "worldly" don, with friends and interests outside the University. There is, of course, a counter-tradition of the "pure" scholar who sticks to his last and never goes into the world at all. Each has its dangers, and if the pure scholar is too immersed in the *minutiae* of his craft, cut off from the wisdom that might come from a knowledge of men and affairs, the worldly don might seem too fond of the company of the great, too ready to accept conventional reputations and hand them on, too given to simple name-dropping. If so, he lends his authority (and a man of learning has some authority, whether he wants it or not) to the notion that worldly success is a good thing however you come by it, and if this attitude spreads itself among his students, then the University has let them down.

Even a man as strong-minded and humorous as Bowra is not, at times, entirely beyond the reach of such criticisms. His good nature makes him genuinely proud of his friends' achievements, and it is pleasant to see the way he relishes their success and the high positions they climb to, but there is occasionally the suggestion that wealth and power automatically make a man interesting. For instance, at the end of a lively sketch of F. E. Smith (Lord Birkenhead), the advocate and politician, Bowra quotes verbatim a purely conventional letter in which Birkenhead thanks him for sending a copy of the newly published *Oxford Book of Greek Verse*, which he had edited and sent to Birkenhead without realizing that he was very ill. The letter, which is polite in the grand old-fashioned manner and concludes with a florid compliment to Wadham College, does credit to a sick man, but it is not interesting enough to merit being quoted entire, and just for an instant Bowra seems like a butler showing you his references.

The situation is in some ways a delicate one. Whereas in America the academic is straightforwardly treated as an *expert*, in England he is swimming in the tepid fluid of social relationships. Prime ministers, industrial magnates, generals and admirals, celebrities in the world of literature and the arts, like to relax from their labors at social gatherings, at lunches and dinners and weekends at country houses, and the don who has a taste for good living

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and good talk, with a flavor of the great world, inevitably finds himself at these. Hence Bowra's opportunities, so firmly seized, to give us economical and revealing portraits of men like Asquith, Lloyd George, Churchill in politics, Yeats and Valéry and Kipling in literature, Margot Asquith and Otteline Morrell in "society." But this is no one-way traffic. The don is given the entrée to these circles for a reason. He must talk well, of course (and Bowra is a famous wit), but over and above that he must contribute something of the solidity and depth of the academic mind; if his hosts want to discuss literature or philosophy or history, he must be ready to discuss it with them and, as unobtrusively as possible, fill in some of the gaps in their knowledge. He must, in short, act out his role as fully as they act out theirs. And this is why only a classical scholar could have had quite the career in "the world" that Bowra has had. For the role of the classical scholar, though vestigial, commands respect; it has a magic which is lacking in those disciplines – history, politics, literature – which most modern people actually study. It is also free of the supposed narrowness of the physical sciences. A Greats man can turn his hand to anything.

The justification of all this, apart from the obvious enjoyment it has given to Bowra and his hosts down through the years, is that the academic mind is thus enabled to do its bit towards civilizing the "mind of the age." The range of Bowra's knowledge, and the ease with which he can summon it to his mind in conversation, make him especially fit for this role. And if he finds himself in company where he cannot command respect for his learning, he will command it in other ways:

> "On one occasion the other guests were two young army officers who thought I was a dim don and treated me as such. When we went out riding, I pulled myself together and jumped over two low walls, while the subalterns went through the gates. At lunch they were distinctly more affable, and when after it we played poker and I won quite a lot of money, they treated me with respect. I have never played poker or jumped over a wall since."

Well, all that is over now. Goodness knows what company our modern politicians keep when off duty, but from the fact that so many of them are ex-academics with what appears to be a special vindictiveness towards their former world, we can deduce that it isn't by talking with Greats dons that they divert their leisure. The link between the university and public life, in England, is nowadays represented by such figures as Balogh and Kaldor, whose economic theories, as a wag remarked, are "probably much clearer in the original Hungarian." The academic has dwindled to a supertechnician.

So a book like Bowra's comes to us as a record of the past, and also as a feast of pure enjoyment. It is one of the most entertaining books I have ever read, full of anecdotes that forced me to put the book down and bawl with laughter. All the way from the old don who had a grudge against one of his colleagues and once shook his fist at him in chapel with the words, "Bloody, bawdy villain," to the lady who listened to some other ladies reading a French play and then said to one of them, "How wise of you, dear, not to attempt the French accent." Or the undergraduate who, being well-off and with other interests, did absolutely no work during his entire three years, and then amused himself at his final examinations by doodling answers to the questions, one of them being, in its entirety, as follows: "Her subjects wanted Queen Elizabeth to abolish tunnage and poundage, but the splendid creature stood firm."

The anecdotes are amusing, but Bowra's style of writing is, when he wants it to be, more amusing still, being impregnated with an ironic wit that colors the whole narrative and is therefore difficult to show in quotation. Still, let us try:

> "Unfortunately the teaching of ancient history at New College was poor. The chief tutor was Percy Matheson, whose appearance reminded me of a camel outside the walls of Peking. He was personally most kind to me and towards the end of my course tried to persuade me to become a master at Parramatta School in Australia, but he was past his prime as a teacher and beginning to forget what he once knew. He had few illuminating insights into the ancient world and did not help me to find pegs on which to hang ideas. Nor were things any better when Stanley Casson was brought in to help him. Casson had a good record as a prac-

Advice

Oh Father, my Father, Oh what must I do?
They're burning our streets and beating me blue.
"Listen my son, I'll tell you the truth:
Get a close haircut and spit-shine your shoes."

Oh Mother, my Mother, my confusions remove,
I long to embrace her whose hair is so smooth.
"Now listen my son, although you're confused,
Cut your hair close and shine all your shoes."

Oh Teacher, my Teacher, your life with me share.
What books ought I read? What thoughts do I dare?
"Oh Student, my Student, of dissent you beware.
Shine those dull shoes and cut short your hair."

Oh Preacher, my Preacher, does God really care?
Are all races equal? Are laws just and fair?
"Boy – here's the answer, no need to despair:
Shine those new shoes and cut short that hair."

PAUL CUMMINS

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tical archaeologist in the field and knew modern Greece well. But he was not a historian and did not spend much time in trying to become one. Cyril Radcliffe and I used to invent quotations from an imaginary Greek historian called Aristomenes of Tauromenium, and Casson would either nod his head knowingly or say, 'I had forgotten that'."

The secret of such writing is partly in the sowing of apparently random details, which gently tip the whole thing over into absurdity. One camel looks very like another, but a man who looks like a camel outside the walls of Peking is somehow more comical than one who just looks like a camel. Or take the deadpan irony that lurks somewhere behind this account of the demise of Grandfather Bowra:

> "He loved outdoor activities, and it was these that killed him. In swinging himself round an upright pole in a horizontal position he did irreparable damage to his heart, and on 15 October 1874 he died suddenly at East Grinstead."

Bowra's life has been a fortunate one. It has fallen into a natural shape, with no one part pulling against the rest. Given that he was to spend the bulk of his life at Oxford, and that his role there would be a dual one – to involve himself energetically with the life of the University as teacher and administrator, and also to act as the radar apparatus that picked up the messages of the outside world: given this, his early years were the perfect preparation. His father was in the employ of the Chinese government, running an efficient Customs service in the face of great opposition both from the Chinese themselves and from the Russians, who had expansionist designs and maintained large forces in the area. Bowra was born in China, made several journeys to and from England on the Trans-Siberia Railway in his formative years, got to know Leningrad before the Revolution, and was thus baptized in that high European culture of the years about 1914; this baptism later stood him in good stead when he came to write studies of those major European poets, such as Pasternak, Blok, George, Rilke and Valéry, who had been formed by that world. He then participated in the war that knocked European culture into the fragments we are still trying to reassemble, serving as an artillery officer and witnessing some of the most insane butchery. All this prepared him well for Oxford: to appreciate its peace, and to withstand its parochiality.

Bowra's attitude to Oxford is one of broad, tolerant enjoyment and forgiveness. It has been, for him, a viable way of life, and he is prepared to forgive much in it that might reasonably have taxed his patience. Now and again, he

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James S. Coleman ..... Toward Open Schools
Henry Fairlie .... Thoughts on the Presidency
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THE Public Interest **Edited by Daniel Bell and Irving Kristol**

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allows himself to give us a brief glimpse of that awful, soul-deadening *ennui* of the Oxford social routine:

> "In the twenties and thirties young dons were asked out to formal dinners by their elders, especially by heads of colleges. At such parties you wore a tail-coat, white waistcoat, white tie, and stiff shirt, and on arrival you were given a card telling you whom you were to take in. Once you had identified her, you offered her your arm and marched solemnly in. This was seldom justified by the dinner which followed and tended to consist of white soup, white fish, white chicken, and blancmange, but it was common form and had its own dignity. At dinner you had to avoid controversial topics . . . and were usually reduced to travel, which was not likely to inflame dangerous passions. After dinner you were shifted rapidly from one person to another, until at ten o'clock the senior lady guest would get up as if stunned to find that it was so late and you would all troop out together, refusing on the way offers of a much-needed 'nightcap'."

In spite of such horrors, Bowra never falters in his generous awareness that a way of life, like a marriage, inevitably includes some things that must simply be put up with. Most important of all, his intellectual passion, during fifty years as a teacher, has never failed him; "Gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche." Perhaps we may apply to him the noble words of Ruskin, another Oxford teacher: "A truly modest person admires the works of others with eyes full of wonder, and with a joy that leaves him no time to deplore his own."

Republican Reasoning

by Robert D. Novak

The roots of the madness that consumed the Republican Party in 1964 can be traced to the Great Schism of 1912, when the progressives, led by Theodore Roosevelt, bolted the party to end a half-century of Republican hegemony in the nation. Colonel Roosevelt's Bull Moose Progressives left the party, and the Old Guard conservatives remained behind in the positions of party authority that they retained in the subsequent 55 years. From the beginning, these stalwarts showed signs of the lunacy that put party regularity and ideological orthodoxy above all else, including victory. When a band of Roosevelt Bull Moosers led by Gifford Pinchot and Harold Ickes sought to return to the party in 1916, humiliating conditions were imposed by the Republican National Committee.

The uninterrupted control over the presidential nominating elections by pragmatic Eastern money interests from 1940 through 1956 suppressed but did not exorcise this madness at the party's core. The principles of orthodoxy and regularity above all else were controlling in 1960 when the party refused to even consider Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York though, particularly in retrospect, he quite likely would have defeated John F. Kennedy. But the complete retreat from reason did not come until 1964 with the nomination of Barry Goldwater, who titillated the party stalwarts but, from the beginning, was doomed to bring his party to the brink of destruction on election day.

The central political question of 1968 will be whether the 1964 orgy of irrationality has sated the Republican longing for self-destruction. Has there been a cure or at least a remission of the Republican madness? Upon the answer may depend whether Lyndon Johnson is voted another four years in the Presidency with all that portends for policy in the coming years.

Stephen Hess and David S. Broder, in this excellent study of the Republican Party as it is today, give an implicit, tentative answer that the Republicans indeed seem cured of the malady of 1964. The new mood of the Republicans is seen by them in Ray C. Bliss, the post-Goldwater chairman of the Republican National Committee. This painfully shy, lisping, gout-plagued Ohioan who "pads around his office in bedroom slippers . . . fretting and fussing endlessly over the smallest detail of his job" has maintained that the party must forget its half-century of factional wars and think only about the tactics of victory.

Hess and Broder suggest that the Bliss strictures have taken hold since the catastrophe of 1964. The aspirants for the Republican presidential nomination in 1968, they write, "are going to be judged by their party peers as *politicians*, not as moralists or movie actors, not as men of vast experience or as men of infinite promise, but simply and solely for their capacity to draw votes. The Republicans are looking for a winner, and the scales they are using to weigh the contenders are political."

This return to reason by the Republicans, though seldom stated explicitly by the authors, is the unifying theme of the Hess-Broder study. Their credentials for making such a judgment are impressive. Broder's daily political reportage over the last eight years (the last year in *The Washington Post*) has no equal, particularly when it comes to analyzing the Republican Party. A non-party man, Broder is complemented by Hess, a card-carrying Republican who served on both the Eisenhower and Nixon staffs and matches his inside practical experience with a broad knowledge of American political history (he is the author of the excellent *America's Political Dynasties*).

For all of these impressive credentials, however, I feel they have erred in implying so rapid and total a post-Goldwater regeneration of the party. Indeed, their own meticulous reporting reveals that the seeds of madness remain not far below the surface. ". . . For most Republicans – the kind who become delegates to national conventions," they write, the performance of John V. Lindsay in getting elected Mayor of deeply Democratic New York "was deeply offensive." They quote the Republican National Committeeman from

The Republican Establishment: The Present and Future of the GOP
by Stephen Hess and David S. Broder
(Harper & Row; $7.95)

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[Left Wing Catholics]

Pagan Babies No Longer For Sale

What the hell is happening in the Catholic Church?

As a matter of fact, whatever happened to pagan babies? "Not too long ago, while the rest of American school children were buying war bonds, Catholic kids were saving their dimes to 'ransom' little yellow 'pagan babies.' Stamps for boys cost five dollars, girls cost three, and we even got to give them a Christian name with the assurance that they would be properly baptized. For a special bargain rate of ten dollars we could get a boy and *two* girls."

Considering that this is but one of many intellectual and spiritual abominations in the Catholic parochial curriculum, it is small wonder that there is a revolution going on in the Church.

The report on "Left Wing Catholics" by Warren Hinckle in the November issue of RAMPARTS (now on newsstands) chronicles the emerging Catholic left; from Fr. James Groppi *(lower left)* exhibiting "The righteous anger of Jesus Himself over the racism of his fellow white Catholics," to the incredible and totally unexpected announcement by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen *(top left)*, that he "wanted the U. S. to get out of Vietnam. Now."

Fr. Hafner's underground masses with vintage wine, Fr. DuBay's *(top right)* suit against Cardinal McIntyre for bigotry and malfeasance, the moral activism of poet/priest Fr. Dan Berrigan; all this and much more is covered through extensive interviews and analysis in RAMPARTS' 10,000 word report on the revolution has to be the "best thing to happen to the Catholic Church since Jesus Christ" *(lower right)*.

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Nevada, Melvin Lundberg, as dismissing Lindsay's Republicanism in this way: "If you tie a lemon on an orange tree, it's still not an orange." Thus do the party regulars reject one of the country's most exciting and promising political personalities.

Even more remarkable is the case of Nelson Rockefeller. While devoting half the book to long, carefully researched biographical sketches of George Romney, Richard M. Nixon, Charles H. Percy and Ronald Reagan as the four most likely contenders for the 1968 nomination, Rockefeller – the Republican shown by the polls as the most likely to defeat President Johnson – is dismissed in a few pages. This is in large part one of the pitfalls of writing books about fast-moving political events; if they could revise their manuscript now, Hess and Broder undoubtedly would include a chapter about Rockefeller. But the reason he was not included in the first place and, even now, can be considered only a one-in-ten shot for the nomination is the fanatical opposition from the party regulars, revealing that the Republican Party is far from cured. Just as the stalwarts of 1916 would not let Pinchot and Ickes back into the party, the stalwarts of 1968 will resist to the death the nomination of the man who did so much to destroy Goldwater in the pre-convention campaigning of 1964.

Nor do the authors fully come to grips with the problem posed by Reagan. Their portraits in depth of Romney, Nixon and Percy are deeply personal (their explanation of Romney's political strengths and weaknesses in terms of his Mormon heritage is a masterpiece of political-psychological analysis). But the chapter on Reagan is one-dimensional; its long analysis of California politics, though comprehensive, seems to be begging the question about how to handle Reagan, the man and the phenomenon.

The closest they come to meeting Reagan head-on is anonymously in the book's concluding chapter. After suggesting that the Republicans, by and large, are moving toward sensible positions on the real issues, the authors issue this warning:

> ". . . There is still a danger that the Republican revival could be overthrown by a candidate who made an emotional and dogmatic appeal to the public's latent anti-politics, anti-government bias."

There is no elaboration, but they can only be talking about the governor of California, whose appeal as a presidential candidate also would be to the public's latent anti-intellectual, anti-Negro and anti-international biases. In their cryptic one-sentence warning, Hess and Broder reject such a candidacy on pragmatic grounds, suggesting it would meet the same fate as Goldwater's. But what if all indices showed such a ticket headed by Reagan would be a clear winner, that the changed mood of 1968 and Reagan's superior campaigning ability belatedly make the Goldwater strategy of 1964 viable? Under the Bliss dictum of rejecting ideology and seeking only a winner, the only recourse would be to nominate Reagan.

Although whatever ideological luggage Hess and Broder may carry was left at the door of this book, I doubt they would be happy with a Republican campaign next year based on knownothing premises. For example, in their superb analysis of the Republican devolution in the South from the country club moderates of 1952 to the country store racists of 1964, they express hope that the Republican Party might yet "become unequivocally, what it is not now, an effective agency for change and progress in the New South." Yet the segregationists who would gather around a Reagan candidacy hardly would be amenable to that role.

In sum, the troubles of the Republican Party are far from over, win or lose in 1968, and this would have been a better book had the authors been a shade less cheery about the party's present state of health. But if it contains this major error of judgment, it contains no small errors of analysis or fact. For the average reader terribly confused by the florid rhetoric and the complicated battles to come next year as well as for the politicians and political reporters who themselves sometimes get the names and places a bit mixed up, this is the best reference book for following the exciting and dangerous year ahead.

Ascent to Zion

by Edward Grossman

About 10,000 American Jews now live in Israel, representing one-half of one percent of the population there, and one-fifth of one percent of the population of Jews in the United States. It is hard to say what final mark the events of last June will leave on the relation of American Jews to Israel, and whether the low rate of US immigration to Israel will pick up. Even if little changes, however, the small community that has tried to make the "ascent" to Zion deserves study.

American Jews in Israel
by Harold R. Isaacs
(John Day; $5.95)

Harold Isaacs has made a good beginning. He is a sociologist, but with a clear style. He has previously written two books "on the effect of political change on individual and group identity," dealing with the Indian ex-untouchables and American Negroes. Isaacs' method (long interviews with 50 American-Israelis, carefully chosen to make a representative sampling, and with Israeli officials) is described, along with his bias ("I met them as an American Jew who gives primary place to his identity as an American"). With few lapses he succeeds in holding his personal reactions.

An important fact about Americans in Israel (together with the South Africans, English, and Canadians, known despite their wishes, as "Anglo-Saxons") is that they didn't "have" to come. The Israeli experience is in intimate relations with catastrophe, both the actual one of the death camps and the potential one which must perpetually be staved off. Those who take this life freely on themselves – leaving, moreover, countries considered luxurious and liberal – are commonly thought of by their new countrymen as "fools" or worse, "idealists."

Isaacs finds that most of the American

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settlers came "for personal and idiosyncratic reasons." The minority who had strong Zionist backgrounds, and who are mostly to be found on the *kibbutzim*, have made, on the whole, a healthier adjustment. "But by far the greater number of migrants of these last ten years or so have been middle-class American Jews whose dissatisfactions with their lives in America were much vaguer." In my own observation, some of them are misfits; Isaacs puts it more mildly: "I have no doubt that these are some . . . who do not yet know that one cannot alter the drama of one's life by simply changing the scene." There's a good deal of earnestness about them, misfits included. But having come voluntarily, without the assistance of bureaus set up to integrate other nationals fleeing persecution, the Americans tend to come down with a harder bump once they hit the realities of the languages barrier, scarce housing, high costs, and a bureaucracy that makes Kafka's Prague look efficient and humane.

Until a recent US Supreme Court decision apparently modified the American law against dual citizenship, most of the would-be settlers in Israel, faced with the prospect of losing their American passports if they took on Israeli citizenship, remained in limbo, clinging to the status of "temporary residents." Their exemption from Israeli military service was only the most glaring of the special conditions which arose from their reluctance to make a final break with America. Many give up after a year or two and go back, including some who are quite serious and capable. A Rabbi told Isaacs that for him the historical sanctity of the place couldn't, finally, negate the oppressive division between an intolerant Orthodox establishment and a large portion of Israelis who declare their religion as "nothing" (secular or atheist). "The truth is that I have found that America is more conducive to living religiously than Israel is."

Isaacs suggests that the difficulties Americans have in Israel stem at least as much from what may be called their identification with the American ideals of "pluralism" and "individual self-fulfillment" as it does from a gross longing for the fleshpots left behind. In the interviews evidence piles up that their subjects attribute a spaciousness

Honesty and Competition

False Advertising Law and Policy under FTC Administration

George J. Alexander

Under the terms of the Federal Trade Commission Act, the FTC is responsible for enforcing both federal antitrust policy and "deception in advertising" restrictions.

Since one of the purposes of antitrust action is to increase competition, it might be expected that FTC decisions on false advertising would work to this end. In this first, and highly significant, examination of FTC false-advertising regulations, the author explores the possibility that the Commission may in truth be decreasing competition by some of its actions relating to deception in advertising.

He cites cases in such specific categories as product naming, description of product assets, price information, trademarks, testimonials, and sales promotion, analyzing the Commission's decisions from the viewpoint of their effect on the competitive environment. He suggests that false-advertising policy might be restructured to meet both the demand for honesty and the demand for competition.

Appendixes include the Commission's Guides Against Deception in many areas of advertising.

The author, associate dean of the College of Law at Syracuse University, has provided a study of the utmost importance for antitrust specialists, corporation lawyers, advertising firms, businessmen, and consumers. It is, in the words of a distinguished reader, a book "with the potential of making an important impact upon government regulation of false advertising."

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of possibility to America, and contrast it to a constriction in Israeli life which is not only physical but psychological. (One of the reasons Israeli tourists crowd the West Bank every Saturday is that they are suffering from the recent memory of claustrophobia.) Isaacs accepts the notion that the democratic ideal and the gift of space are uniquely joined in America, and in his concluding chapter allows himself to dwell on this matter: "American pluralism . . . is coming to mean that every individual has unlimited mobility or freedom of choice not only to become whatever he wishes to be or can become, but also to retain . . . his particular identity as a member of any religious, ethnic, or other subcultural group. . . . It is not necessary to blink at the ugly or dangerous realities that persist in American life to state as a plain fact that no other society on earth is moving at any comparable pace toward any comparable goal."

Still, the quality of tolerance may grow strained in America because of war and racial tensions. Then, American Jews who flee to Israel may find their situation bitter, but less contradictory than have the perplexed souls who gave their testimony to Isaacs.

Bright Boy from Yazoo

by J. Speed Carroll

A bright but otherwise conventional middle-class small-town white Southern Protestant boy is transmuted into a practicing member of the New York intelligentsia. More significantly, however, Willie Morris, author, wants to go beyond a simple retelling of what has so far happened to him, and to explain in large part what was happening in America in the forties, fifties and sixties. It is this ambitious attempt to relate recent personal experience to history that gives *North Toward Home* its character and attraction.

North Toward Home
by Willie Morris
(Houghton Mifflin; $5.95)

At an early age Willie discovered that he was the cleverest kid in Yazoo City, Mississippi, and for a long time he hoped for no more than that:

> "I was obsessed with Belle Prairie and the blond belle who graced its gullies, swamps, and tenant shacks. I had my heart set, at the age of seventeen, on entering Mississippi's educated landed gentry – by taking a degree at Ole Miss, as all my friends planned to do, and by returning to that plantation with my majorette, to preside there on the banks of the Yazoo over boll weevils big enough to wear dog tags, pre-Earl Warren darkies, and the young squirearchy from the plantations abutting on Carter, Eden, Holly Bluff, Sidon and Tchula.
>
> "I saw no reason to leave. I was athlete, sports announcer, valedictorian, and, my greatest pride, editor of the *Flashlight*. I knew Mississippi and I loved what I saw."

At age 32 we find him a star ascendant: luncheon with Walter Lippmann and J. K. Galbraith, *Paris Review* cocktail parties, Norman Mailer and Jules Feiffer, evenings with Ralph Ellison, Roger Baldwin, William Styron, finally the editorship of *Harper's*. In between, in the Texas segment, we find out how he got there, the intellectual and moral awakening.

He arrived in Austin inauspiciously by Greyhound bus, in green trousers, with a National Honor Society medal on his gold-plated watch chain. He went on to become something of a campus legend, the object of controversy and national publicity as editor of the *Daily Texan*, defender of the press and freedom of inquiry against a predictably troglodytic Board of Regents.

After a quiet and essentially unreported four years as a Rhodes Scholar, he sought out controversy again, this time as editor of the *Texas Observer*, an admirable muckraking weekly, frequently the only liberal voice crying in that particular wilderness.

The Yazoo section is the most satisfying, probably because, having passed from his original love through a stage in which he rather hated Mississippi, he can now see it clearly. He writes with honesty about old people, school spirit, Uncle Toms, honeyed hypocrisy and the lot, Faulkner to Welty. And for those of us who grew up near those times and places, there are shocks of recognition. A brief introduction to a country boy named Bo, and I was back in 1944 with the poor kids who came to school because it was the law, always in the same overalls, some without shoes in winter:

> "Once, after Christmas, when our teacher polled every child in the room about what he got for Christmas, [Bo] said: I didn' get nuthin'. I ain't studin' toys."

Has a bit too much of the 1967 Willie Morris been grafted back onto the 1952 Texas University model? Sure, fraternities and their hell weeks are a "debilitating preoccupation" and we suspected it even then. Still, didn't we spend a lot of time actually enjoying those silly things? Sadly omitted is a story Willie used to tell with great enthusiasm about how he and a bunch of other Delts tried to call Winston Churchill, person-to-person, and rattled long distance operators at connection points clear across country and ocean.

In his effort to grow himself up too quickly, Willie has almost forgotten that he was hell-raiser as well as hero. In 1956, nothing was so serious that he wouldn't drop it to go out for a "chicken-liver milkshake" or to "hear the Mantovani concert" down at the Toddle House, a twelve-seat hamburger stand.

What is nevertheless superb about Texas University times is the relation of his slow initiation into the intellectual life:

> "Once I was invited to the apartment of a young graduate student and his wife. The walls of their apartment were lined with books, more books than I had ever seen before in a private dwelling – books everywhere and on everything. I was astonished; I tried to talk with those people, but I was unaccountably shy, and I kept looking at their books out of the

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corner of my eye, and wondering if I should say something about them, or ask perhaps if they were for sale or if they formed some kind of special exhibit. It is a rare experience for certain young people to see great quantities of books in a private habitat for the first time, and to hear ideas talked about seriously in the off hours. Good God, they were doing it for pleasure, or so it seemed."

The same thing has happened to many of us, one way or another. As he says:

"What we brought to the University of Texas in the 1950's, to an enormous, only partially formed state university, was a great awe before the splendid quotations on its buildings and the walls of its libraries, along with an absolutely prodigious insensitivity as to what they implied beyond decoration. Minds awakened slowly, painfully, and with pretentious and damaging inner searches. Where an Alfred Kazin at the age of nineteen might become aroused in the subway by reading a review by John Chamberlain in *The New York Times* and rush to his office to complain, we at eighteen or nineteen were only barely beginning to learn that there *were* ideas, much less ideas to arouse one from one's self."

Had he stayed in Mississippi, William Weeks Morris would not be one whit less clever than he is today; beyond any doubt he would make use of his mind, but not for thinking. His intelligence would be directed toward some other goal – unimaginable – making money, garnering acceptability, winning bridge games. The tragedy is that there are plenty of bright people, particularly (but not necessarily) in the South, who live completely outside the world of ideas.

Perhaps motivated by the desire to record some little-known elements of history, when he gets to the *Texas Observer*, the thread of personal involvement is momentarily lost. We meet colorful people and learn about Lone Star politics, but he never tells us what it all meant to Willie Morris, person.

Personal reactions get center stage again when he comes to New York. Like most of us who came from softer climates, he has been hurt by the crudeness, the dirt and isolation, the put-downs laid on him by Ivy Leaguers in little positions of authority. There is fresh pain in his description of a callous landlord, subways, crowds, a racist cab-driver, a supercilious "well-known lady writer." And as a good Southerner, it hurts him not only that *he* has been badly treated, but even more that human beings are capable of calmly and routinely inflicting such treatment on others, utterly without the heavy Methodist conscience that ought to accompany such sins.

Willie has some harsh words for the East's facile intellectualism, feeling it is voguish and superficial, less honest somehow than the intellectualism of the provinces which is so much more difficult to come by. And every transplanted Southerner has shared his shock at the nature of New York friendships:

"One could call a person a 'friend' if you saw him once every four or five months, talked for a while, and got along."

Or again:

" 'We lunch twice a year', a native

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of New York once said to me of a good friend of his, and without a trace of irony."

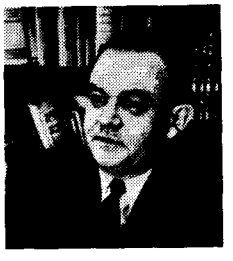
And yet we capitulate. In railing against "that most intransigent of New York's institutions," the business lunch, even the author finally falls guilty of the same metropolitan inhumanity that has so pained him. He ridicules three manufacturers of toilet paper dispensers for their ability to talk for forty-five minutes with "undisguised jubilation" for the dispensers. Does he mean to suggest that there is anything less noble in manufacturing and selling dispensers than in manufacturing and selling a monthly magazine of general interest? The products answer different needs, to be sure, but mankind has as much use for one as for the other.

How, at the book's end, does the Morris family come to terms with the city's crudeness and hostility? Most peculiarly. They buy a house in the country and Willie becomes a summertime commuter. If this were a novel, we would have to conclude that the hero had copped out. He says:

"In the 1960's the big cities of America were falling into extraordinary chaos and decay; New York, being the largest and most crowded, was becoming the worst of all. The middle classes reacted by retreating, as middle classes always had. Their instinct, far from being 'corrupt', as some writers had suggested, was in human terms perfectly understandable."

The statement is true enough, but the early Willie Morris would have had little interest in understanding the poor bourgeois. He would have wanted to know what the hell this "instinctive" middle class was doing about the filth and the crowding and the crudeness from which it was in retreat. Where is the fury and the bombast of the *Texas Observer*? Where is the engagement in community life that one would have expected of the young firebrand?

Happily, however, this is not the Great Ethiopian Novel he sometimes talked of writing. The most important chapters are doubtless still to come. Meanwhile, we can savor what is here. He has had the courage of his egotism, writing about himself without the sugar coating of first-novel form, and although it may justly be asked whether we really care what has happened to a Willie Morris, I think the answer is, we do.



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The Doors McLuhan Opens

by Richard Gilman

The first thing we might do in the matter of the state of civilization *vs.* Marshall McLuhan is to stop treating him as a personality or a cult figure and begin manfully to consider what he has been saying. McLuhan is clearly interested in being regarded as a presence, a star, his ego being very much more involved with his work than he would like known. Sometimes, however, he lets the cat out of the bag with a real screech. The last line of this new book, a collection of previously published reviews and essays on McLuhan together with his comments on these and some fugitive pieces from his old magazine, *Explorations*, is an answer to a question by the book's editor: "Are you disturbed by the sometimes harsh critical responses your work excites?" "Even Hercules," McLuhan replies, "had to clean the Augean stables but once."

McLuhan Hot and Cool
edited by Gerald Emmanuel Stern
(Dial; $6.95)

Now anyone who feels himself engaged in *that* line of work isn't likely to be discouraged by adverse comments on his personality or, shifting to a much more respectable plane of discourse, his methodology; he will in fact thrive on it. The more McLuhan is decried, either as a noisome presence or an intellectual muddle, the more strength he takes from his identification with the great misunderstood, the light-bringers who were looked on first as heresiarchs or destroyers. This is the spiritual backing to his intellectual stance; he is squarely in the tradition of the classic Marxist debater for whom the non-acceptance of his arguments is proof of his opponents' imprisonment in an outmoded form of being – you can't understand me because of what you still *are*.

It seems to me that the way to deal with McLuhan is to talk about him but not to him, to pretend that his theories were discovered under a big banyan tree or brought in by a Labrador retriever. He may after all, as Tom Wolfe stridently reminds us in one of the essays of this book, be right; but we are never going to find out, or discover the important ways in which he might be wrong, through head-on assaults.

McLuhan's chief threat has been to our "literate" values, to literacy itself. It is the vested moral interest in literacy, and literature, as indispensable to civilization, that is almost always at the center of detractions of his work, crowding out reason and sight, as it crowded them out in the early responses to Freud's propositions and goes on doing still. This is not to say that McLuhan is another Freud, or

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Darwin or Marx, but that the material he offers is new and revolutionary in a way that requires the full exercise of rationality to deal with. And rationality operates only when moral biases – although not necessarily moral concerns – drop away, which is what gives McLuhan his big edge over his value-minded opponents. It may not be true, as he in the long interview with which this book ends, that "anybody who spends his time screaming about values in our modern world is not a serious character," but if this is all "anybody" does he is surely going to be ineffective.

There are actually two species of ineffectiveness on display in this volume, the less instructive being the work of McLuhan's "hottest" or most uncritical admirers – Howard Gossage, Rudolf E. Morris, Walter Ong, S. J., Dean Walker – each of whom has his own way of unconsciously parodying the master. The other is rooted in just that kind of outrage, pained or sneering, which McLuhan inspires in many literary or academic minds as they feel their foundations menaced. For George P. Elliott, Benjamin DeMott, Dwight Macdonald, and Christopher Ricks the danger is to individualism, personal choice, literary "beauty," feeling, responsibility, reason itself. All of them catch McLuhan in their sights from time to time (Macdonald, for example, is entirely right on McLuhan's extensive misunderstanding of film art), yet their hits never come close to being mortal or even to slowing down the charging beast.

"I am civilized and maybe I'm foggy," Elliott writes, "but I don't want either myself or my world to be retribalized. He wants, and wants us to want, to turn most of the work of our minds over to the computers." The protest is haplessly misdirected. Apart from the fact that McLuhan has never said he *wants* this to happen, any more than Freud wanted the unconscious to be a source of turmoil and unrest, it isn't even an accurate summary of what he has been describing. Again, when Christopher Ricks deplores McLuhan's "unfelt, unfeeling and nerveless style," the reply has to be that this style isn't at issue, that McLuhan is not trying to convince us through an older mode of verbal beauty or vitality. It may even be, though it does sound rather far-fetched, that as George Steiner remarks elsewhere, "McLuhan's bad writing is almost an illuminative instrument of obsolescence." In another vein, when Benjamin DeMott calls McLuhan "a purveyor of perfect absolution for every genuine kind of modern guilt," he is describing a purchase not a sale; that McLuhan is used this way is undeniable, but it is not a fact that can be used to invalidate his thought.

McLuhan has of course made everything more difficult by proffering his intuitions and ideas, in his books at any rate, as dogma, when they are actually hit-or-miss actions of the mind on safari, "probes," as he himself in a humbler or more defensive mood has called them, stabs into areas of history and experience which have hidden their true natures from us precisely through our having thought our understanding of them was complete. This is why it is so ineffectual to trap him in inconsistencies or local errors or to complain about his style or manner or his disregard of seemingly contradictory data. If his confusion about the difference between information and knowledge weakens his specific theory of how media work, or if his insistence on the distinguishing qualities and effects of print as a medium flattens out the difference *among* books, the fact remains that he has given us a way of looking at media, and a great many other present phenomena, that we didn't have before.

The best pieces in this book (which has a McLuhanesque "zowie" typography) are by Frank Kermode, Harold Rosenberg and Kenneth E. Boulding. All find him deficient in one way or another, but they use reason to try to illuminate and put in perspective what he has been saying, instead of trying to disqualify him on the grounds of irrationality or anti-humanist morale. All three have the kind of historical understanding which allows them to escape being terrorized by what seems to be overthrowing history as we have interpreted it, and at the same time preserves them from the excesses of a history-hating enthusiasm. And all three, in quite different ways, finally see McLuhan as much less impressive

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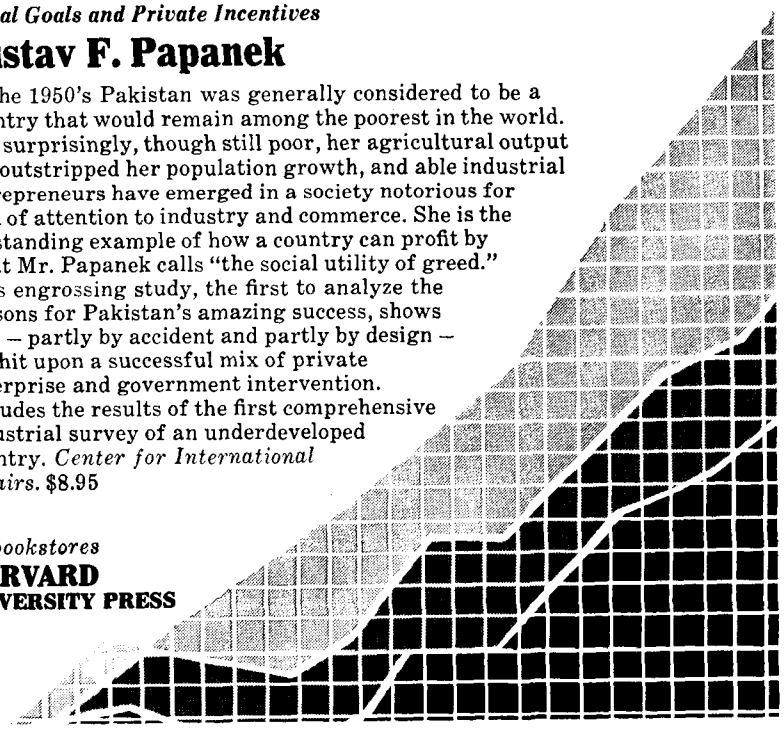

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as a scientific or systematic thinker than as an artist-philosopher-critic on the order, as Rosenberg lists them, of D. H. Lawrence, Oswald Spengler, T. S. Eliot, F. R. Leavis and Hannah Arendt.

Only Kermode specifically calls him a myth-maker (a "congenial" one) but all agree on McLuhan's value as the creator of what I would call (since nobody has offered anything better) a structure of "attention," a perverse, disorderly, repetitive and frequently ugly but extremely useful instrumentality for getting us to twist our heads around so that we can see that something has happened. The thing may be built on faulty, or even in some cases false principles, but there is no denying that it has worked.

The point is that it is extremely difficult to make sense out of much of the contemporary world without McLuhan's perspectives, or something like them, and if, as Jonathan Miller said on a BBC program reprinted here, "he opens doors to chaos," he also, as Miller goes on to say, opens others on productive vistas. That we are shaped by what we shape, that media are extensions of ourselves, that electricity has changed both time and human intercourse, that acquired forms of knowledge stand in the way of new knowledge, that discontinuity and simultaneity have replaced sequential movement not only in art and formal thought but also in our most basic sense of how our lives proceed – all these things are true and yet we were unaware of them, or aware of them only murkily, until McLuhan.

The job now, as the most useful essays in *McLuhan: Hot and Cool* indicate, is to work with what he has given us in renewed investigations into the very problems his own writings have thrown up. McLuhan is not so much wrong as at the same time excessive and insufficient. Tom Wolfe, for example, isolates an important area in which McLuhan's inadequacies might be usefully explored – his inferior knowledge of physiology. The way the senses are organized in relation to each other, a subject about which there is little hard knowledge, has a great deal to do with some of McLuhan's more overblown assertions.

His apparent inability to distinguish between information and knowledge is another ground on which to turn McLuhan's shortcomings, as through a judo move, into a source of strength for us. Boulding touches on this in what seems to me the most significant criticism yet made: "The message is not just another medium, as McLuhan is continually saying, for the message consists of the processing of information into knowledge, and not the mere transmission of information through a medium." Boulding turns to other matters after this, leaving the point still resonant and awaiting development. In a rather different way Harold Rosenberg's remark that one of McLuhan's chief contributions has been to "help dissolve the craft-oriented concept that modern art works still belong in the realm of things contemplated instead of being [active] forces" is also only the beginning of an exploration of potentially great fruitfulness.

McLuhan's revelance to art and literature is in fact what his literary detractors have notably failed to come to grips with, so busy have they been deploring his seeming put-down of the printed word and his ostensible praise of mass media (it may come as a shock to them to hear McLuhan say, as he does here, that he thinks most of these media "pure poison" and that "it would be a good thing if TV were simply eliminated from the United States scene"). In her essay, "One Culture and the New Sensibility," Susan Sontag scarcely mentions McLuhan, but does concern herself with issues he has raised, chief among them the matter of "form" and "content" which is, I think, the crux of any future discussion.

Like McLuhan, Miss Sontag finds the distinction untenable as applied to contemporary art. And like him, she is turned off by considerations of art as moral information or spiritual catharsis. She is very good on changes that have made it less and less possible to see art in those humanistic ways. Yet she is deficient, if not so extensively as McLuhan, in not being able to see, or at least to argue as though she sees, that the distinction between form and content in art was never valid and that we have not simply come into a new use for content as form but into a condi-

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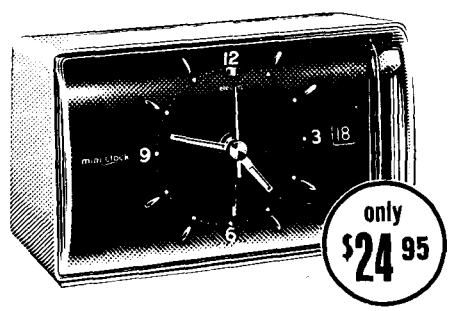

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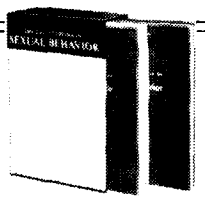

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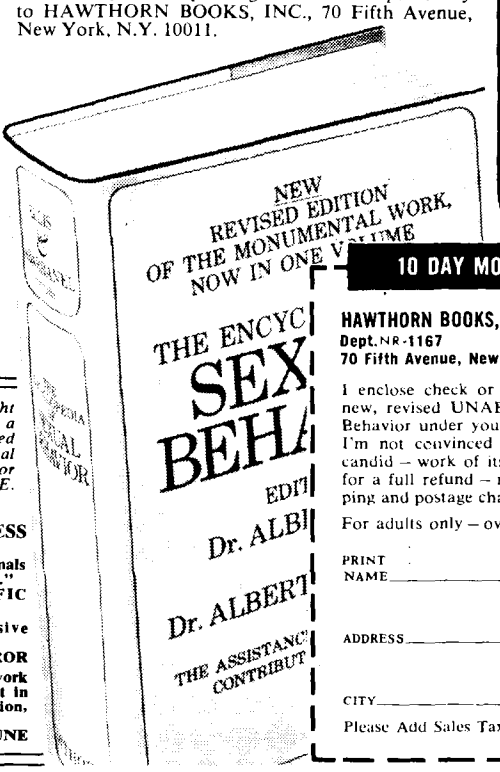

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tion in which seeming content, "subject matter," no longer is needed to serve as pretext and instigation for aesthetic action.

The point is central to any estimation of McLuhan. The widest hole he leaves to our understanding is the result of his confusion between "form" and "medium," his failure to see that medium is a physical designation while form is an aesthetic one. This is to say, for example, that the form of a novel is something crucially different from its physical existence within the medium of print, which is what enables us to make distinctions among novels, not on the basis of their content, a process to which McLuhan rightly objects, but on that of their formal, or aesthetic properties. And this means that what we have to defend against McLuhan is the fact that there *are* differences that matter, not only between media but within them. But we are never going to accomplish such a defense if we spend our energy trying to blot out those other differences which in his snaggled, petulant, megalomanic way he has succeeded in putting before our consciousness.

THEATRE

From Hair to Hamlet

Joseph Papp has planted a new theatre in New York, and the first fruit of his careful husbandry is "an American tribal love-rock musical" called *Hair*. Mr. Papp's creation of a winter headquarters, and his desire to produce new plays, are logical next steps for a man whose theatrical career has been dedicated to underlining the importance of process and permanency. Indeed, as he himself recognizes, these steps are essential to his continuing exploration of the Shakespearean canon. "To keep Shakespeare contemporary," he remarks in a program note entitled *From Hair to Hamlet*, "we must be a modern theatre engaged in producing plays dramatizing the potent forces of our time. . . ."

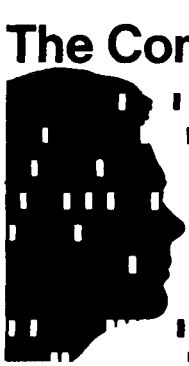
Hair
Book and Lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado
Music by Galt MacDermott
(NY Shakespeare Festival Theatre)

It has frequently been said that the history of the theatre is the history of Shakespeare production, and what we should infer from this observation is that Shakespeare has always been vitally affected by the forms, techniques, and ideas of later dramatists. The Shakespeare of the Restoration was a writer very much under the influence of Dryden; the Shakespeare of the 19th century was a figure created by English, French, and German Romantics; and the Shakespeare of our own time is frequently a creature of Brecht, Beckett, and Artaud. In the same way that the Royal Shakespeare Company is continually trying to revitalize its classical productions by doing new plays, so Mr. Papp's Public Theatre is attempting to develop new writers in order that Shakespeare's plays will not stiffen into "masterpieces," lacking contemporary purpose or meaning.

Understanding also how essential environment can be to the creation of a theatrical community, Mr. Papp has acquired the old Astor Place Library and completely altered its interior for the production of plays. With two theatres still under construction, activities this year will be confined to the Florence Sutro Anspacher Theatre, a stage (more accurately, a floor) handsomely designed by Giorgio Cavaglieri and Ming Cho Lee, which has the audience looking down on it from three sides. For *Hair*, Mr. Lee has built a scaffolding to house the rock band, whose five members – rather like the orchestra in the Berliner Ensemble production of *Dreigroschenoper* – remain in full view of the audience at all times. Projected from this scaffolding are various examples of modern poster art, including psychedelic designs, and huge blowup photographs of Twiggy, Lyndon, and other such makers of our fashions and nightmares.

I am sorry to say that what is currently happening on the stage is of considerably less moment than the environment itself, but it is one of the great advantages of permanent groups that the whole is always more important than its component parts. The concept of a hippie musical with an electronic score is potentially very exciting, and I am convinced that the sound of that rock – a sound that has developed real drive, sophistication, and vitality – is destined to become of tremendous importance to our stage. But despite its effective moments, *Hair* is still too closely linked to the meretricious conventions of American musicals to realize this potential, and there is something intrinsically one-dimensional in the hippie movement which prevents the material from ever developing a texture of any thickness.

Since the hippies have recently become the victims of a vast publicity network, there is also something intrinsically voguish about their scene, and this gives one the recurrent feeling that *Hair* is going out of fashion even as it is being performed. Like *Viet Rock* – to which it owes its inspiration and even a few of its episodes – *Hair* is pieced together out of newspapers and magazine sections, being a topical series of allusions to contemporary politics and culture, designed less to convey information than to play imaginatively upon what is already known. Thus, the book of the musical follows the careers of two close hippie friends – one a lower-class dropout named Berger, the other a middle-class boy named Claude – as they wander, in a kind of psychedelic picaresque, through the patterned experiences of the turned-on generation: Putting down their square parents who, in turn, belittle their bizarre appearance ("And take off my beads, this is not a reservation"),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trying to keep out of the army ("I want to be over here doing the things they're defending"), engaging in freewheeling erotic activity which discriminates neither between race, sex, nor partner ("If you do it with Claude tonight, I'll do it with you tomorrow"), organizing protest marches in the park ("A huge suck-in for peace. . . . Bring your blankets with something to suck"), wearing crazy uniforms, necklaces, and tons of hair, and, above all, seeking escape from a hated reality in the "total self-awareness" induced by drugs. At the end, nothing can prevent Claude from service in Vietnam and certain death, and as a last sacrificial gesture, he hands Berger his shorn locks before he boards the train.

Some of this is entertaining, but in none of it do we sense that the authors have thought about or felt their material very deeply, and they are too mindless in their acceptance of the teenage version of reality. The non-hippie world is facilely identified as a society of Puritan Moms and Dads who love war and hate love; the hippies are full of self-pity, self-congratulation, and self-satisfaction; and the book and lyrics are continually threatening to fall into sentimentality ("Follow the children, follow their smiles"). Then, for all its concern with sensation, self-awareness, new levels of feeling, *Hair* never manages to communicate the nature of the experience the characters so frequently exalt. And finally *Hair* conspicuously fails to record the growing conviction among hippies that the movement is over – a victim of a grosser and more brutal world than flower power can redeem.

As for the production, it has its strengths, notably in Galt MacDermott's score which, if not authentic rock-and-roll, nevertheless achieves a fine dynamic bounce. And some production numbers, particularly a pot phantasmagoria which essentializes American history from Lincoln's emancipation of the slaves to the Vietnam war, and which climaxes in the ritualized slaughter, under strobe lights, of Buddhists by nuns, then of nuns by Indians, then of Indians by soldiers, is emotionally charged and exciting. But Gerald Freedman's direction is designed more for the old musicals than the new; it reflects the razzmatazz of Jerome Robbins rather than the intensity of the Open Theatre; and it, therefore, establishes its links more with *West Side Story* and *Gypsy* than with *Viet Rock* and *America Hurrah* (many, of course, will be grateful for this). The singing is strong and energetic, but the acting lacks color and variety, while the presence of the belted song, the brassy production number, and the choreographed action is essentially antithetical to an authentic hippie atmosphere which should be cool and lobbed-out rather than bouncing with chorus-boy energy.

If *Hair* does not represent a revolution in musicals, however, it does point the way towards such a revolution: It will be very hard, in future, to compose a Richard Rodgers-type work with quite the same confidence and equanimity as before. In this sense, then, *Hair* succeeds not so much for what it accomplishes as for what it sets out to do. For a permanent theatre, a good search can sometimes be as rewarding as a good discovery, and if *Hair* has any influence on the future work of the Public Theatre – *Hamlet* is Mr. Papp's next production – then it will have justified itself within a system dedicated to organic growth. Robert Brustein

TELEVISION

Pterodactyl for Breakfast

Nothing bad ever happens to little boys or girls on TV cartoons, and certainly not to the titans who protect them: *Birdman, Superman, Aquaman, Spiderman,* and so on. No sooner does a threat appear than it is summarily dispatched, usually with a series of pummeling blows from a laser beam. Man, beast or robot, Saturday morning's heroes solve their problems with massive retaliation rather than through ingenuity. Kids don't have time to get scared, let alone interested in the outcome. There's no suspense or drama, and not much story.

"You can't have an involved storyline for five-year-olds," says a network executive in charge of TV cartoons. This Pied Piper, who presumably has measured infantile intellectual capacity, is strong in the empirical knowledge that the more idiotic the tale, the higher the ratings. He admits that the networks aim their cartoons at every kid in the country between the ages of four and thirteen. By acting as if all children, from infants to adolescents, constitute one single public (where publishers of children's books, for example, distinguish several), the networks consciously confuse toddlers with seventh-graders and make of them an audience of improbable mass, bound together only by violence.

A variant of Gresham's Law seems to be working in television: the worst cartoons drive out the gentler ones, just as cartoons in general have driven out non-cartoon programs from the children's hours.

The number of advertisers selling to children on TV has nearly doubled in the past few years, and so have the networks' profits from the children's

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shows. The networks charge an advertiser anywhere from $5,500 to $7,500 to run a commercial in the cartoons, and at least six such commercials are run each half hour – twice as many as the TV industry allows its members to run in prime time. The most elaborate of the limited animation cartoons costs about $42,000 the half-hour to make, but is usually rerun four or five times over a three-year period, so the cost per run is little more than what comes in from one commercial.

In recent years, the networks have battled for advantages of a tenth of a ratings point, and the battle is nowhere more intense than in the children's hour. A Kellogg cereals executive told a government commission (in Canada in 1966) that some 70 percent of all breakfast cereal sales in the US were the result of kids begging their mothers to buy a cereal they'd seen advertised on TV; the kids get a sales pitch every four minutes, whether for foodstuffs, candies, soft drinks, toys or whatever.

The commercials in most of the advertiser-owned cartoons are indistinguishable from the stories. The same characters – Linus, Bullwinkle, etc. – go from story to sales pitch without transition.

Primarily as a sop to Washington and to public opinion generally, each of the networks was for a time carrying at least one "prestige" program, or show attempting to do more than merely distract children: CBS, *The Young People's Concerts;* ABC, *Discovery,* and NBC, first *Exploring* and later, *The Smithsonian.* This last show has been dropped from the NBC schedule with no successor; the others are being continued. (It is said that "prestige" children's programs would have disappeared from both ABC and NBC some years ago had it not been for a couple of telephone calls to the heads of those networks from Washington.) Generally, the "prestige" shows do not make money. Few advertisers, it seems, will back a show which gets ratings far lower than those of cartoons running in the same time period.

A prestigious children's program, but one not begun in response to pressure from Washington, is *Captain Kangaroo,* which has been running weekday mornings on CBS for over a decade. FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson has said that short of teaching kids to read, TV should at least be as good as any kindergarten, and *Kangaroo* comes very close to filling this prescription. Beyond *Kangaroo,* and two shows on educational television stations – *The Friendly Giant,* produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and *Misterogers' Neighborhood* – there are few decent kindergartens on TV.

On many stations the children's hour or half-hour has been knocked off the schedule entirely. The amount of time given by stations to children has dwindled by a third to a half in the past few years.

A decade ago most TV stations could boast one or two daily "live" children's programs of their own making. Most of them have disappeared. Replacing them are cartoon jockeys, usually buffoons whether in motley or gray flannel, whose function is to pitch the advertisers' ware whenever the ancient cartoons sputter to a halt. Also filling the gaps left by the local shows are half-hour cartoons either dropped off the networks or imported from Japan.

The Communications Act of 1934, under which the FCC regulates the licensing of TV stations, makes no stipulation for children's programs, and apparently many stations killed them off when they found they could make more money by running talk shows and old movies and selling the time to advertisers out to woo housewives. The less affluent stations claim they can't afford to put on their own children's shows. The filmed half-hours come cheaper.

Japanese cartoons that have replaced many local live shows are sometimes superior in story and drawing to the network cartoons, even though the imports cost much less to make, given the difference in wages between animators in Tokyo and in Hollywood. Some of these Japanese cartoons manifest a degree of spiritual fallout from the Hiroshima bomb. In *Kimba,* for example, all of the animals in the forest strive to live peacefully together, to cooperate in agricultural projects, and to inculcate a reverence for life in the occasional bestial adversary. If, in one episode, an African tribe is depicted as being rather backward in its *moeurs,* a narrator enters as epilogue to tell the viewers that all that, mind you, was in the long ago.

Romper Room, ostensibly a kindergarten is in reality an hour-long commercial touting Romper Room toys;

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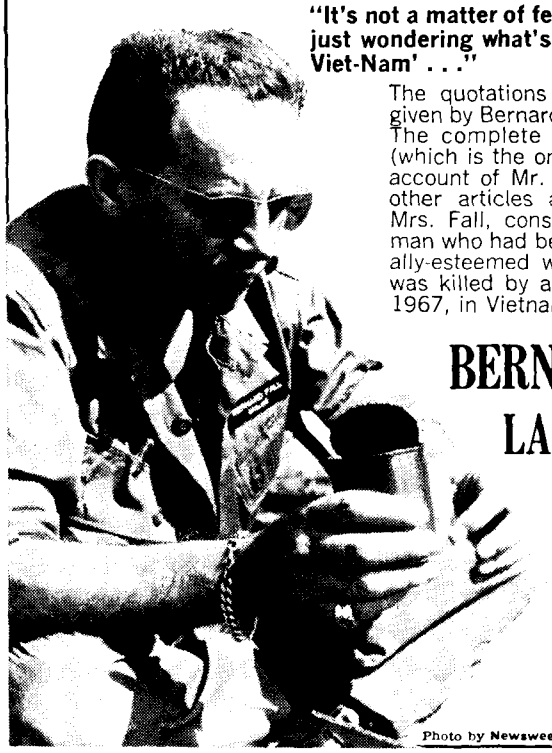

The quotations are from a radio interview given by Bernard Fall on November 21, 1966. The complete transcript of that program (which is the only available autobiographical account of Mr. Fall's life), together with 17 other articles and transcripts selected by Mrs. Fall, constitute the final book by the man who had become America's most generally-esteemed war correspondent before he was killed by a booby-trap on February 21, 1967, in Vietnam, on the Street Without Joy.

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toddlers watching the kids playing on the show can't participate at home unless they have in hand a Romper Room punchball or Romper Stompers, or whatever is being plugged in the format which, incidentally, was worked out with the help of Fairleigh Dickinson University.

There are no indications that TV for children will get any better. The network executive in charge of program-profits lie in doing the very worst by the children; the dosage of inane horror in their cartoons is very likely to increase. Few parents complain. A network executive in charge of programming for kids said he has never received a letter of protest. Commissioner Johnson, who has, says that "the trouble is not that TV is bad for the kids; it's that it's nothing for the kids." He thinks the FCC should require stations to produce and broadcast a minimal amount of programming for children, but within the existing law there seems to be no way for the FCC to do much more than that, no way for it to do anything about the *quality* of the programming.

Nor it is likely that ETV can do much more than it is now. John White, head of National Educational Television, has said that any increase in funds for children's programming next year would go to improving the quality of two of the existing NET children's shows.

Eventually, Public Television, if and when it becomes a reality, may be able to give something to the children. But this plan for the interconnection of ETV stations into a fourth network is still being worked out. Only next month will the first of a series of weekly two-hour newcasts by the Public Broadcast Laboratory go on the air. Even when the network gets a final congressional go-ahead, years may go by before enough money is obtained for a full-time hookup and the production of decent programs for children.

Until then, TV for children will continue to diminish, in quantity and quality. Mr. White said the networks "have walked away from their responsibility to children." So have most of the stations – all in the direction of the bank.

Ed Dowling

Notes on Contributors

John Wain's *book,* Death of the Hind Legs *and other stories, was published last year by Viking Press.* Paul Cummins *is Chairman of the Department of English at Harvard School in North Hollywood.* Robert D. Novak *is a Washington news commentator.* Edward Grossman *is a young American writer traveling in Europe.* J. Speed Carroll *is a lawyer temporarily living in Paris.* Ed Dowling *has written extensively on television and pop culture.*

Correspondence

Ferency's Venture

Sirs:

After taking my own glimpse at your report of "Ferency's Venture" (November 4), it occurred to me that some of your readers might be curious about what was eliminated by your editorial ellipses.

"I do not believe in political negativism, and I've always believed in an old political maxim 'You can't beat somebody with nobody!' "

"On a positive basis, however, I have encouraged any and all potential Democratic presidential candidates, who feel that they have worthy alternatives to offer on the great questions of our time, to come forward. I have also urged Democratic state delegations and other appropriate groups, who have ideas, proposals or principles which they would like to see incorporated in the 1968 Democratic national platform, to organize and press forward with their views. I have also warned that if such candidates or state delegations wait beyond the end of the year, it may be too late to influence the convention. I have also deplored power tactics being used by the Democratic national establishment in an effort to foreclose alternative candidates and alternative proposals on controversial issues, including foreign affairs and the war in Vietnam, issues which will be pivotal in 1968 by anyone's standards. In essence, then, I have called for and urged a free and open national convention, with respect to both candidates and platform.

"For the record, I stand by and reaffirm all of my previous statements, and I reassert them now."

Earlier in my prepared statement, you will recall, I said something else which apparently bears repeating: "It is sometimes easy and enticing for an eager editor to switch from the positive to the negative, but that switch should be made much more deliberately by discerning Democrats."

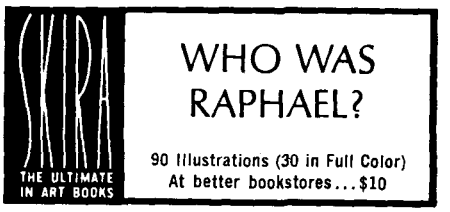
Zolton A. Ferency
Chairman,
Democratic State Central Committee of Michigan

Napalm

Sirs:

Apropos of Maurice Ford's paean to good humor, tolerance, and common sense (Nov. 11) in re the Harvard students' confrontation with a representative of Dow Chemical Co. . . . suppose that, during 1942 and 1943, the firm of J. A. Topf & Sons, manufacturers of refractory furnaces, had sent recruiters to the technical institutes of Germany, seeking engineers to take part in the design and production of very large furnaces for Government installations at Auschwitz, Sobibor, Chelmno, etc. Or suppose that Tesch & Stabenow, manufacturers of chemicals, had sent recruiters to the same institutes, seeking chemists to help develop a large-scale program of production of hydrogen cyanide in crystalline form, for use in similar Government installations. As we look back now, would any of us seriously argue that these firms, and their representatives, being engaged in criminal activities, should have had the "right" to try to corrupt students into becoming their accomplices?

We who resent, and are appalled by, the indiscriminate agony created in Vietnam by what Dow Chemical produces [napalm] can see no shred of justification for any university's abetting Dow Chemical's misdeeds; nor can we see any sense in which freedom of speech or freedom of anything else (save to corrupt) can meaningly be invoked here. But then, since Professor



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Fieser (what kind of conscience must *he* have to live with?) is a Harvard faculty member, I suppose we must look at the whole situation there as just a bit of a family quarrel – but oh, so decently conducted, don't you know, and very, very far away from anything that has to do with human beings in terrible pain, whose only sin was being in the wrong village at the wrong time, and maybe not understanding or appreciating the stern benevolence of Uncle Sam, who rains fire on the just and the unjust alike – since God is dead, after all, *somebody* has to do His work.

Rudolph von Abele
The American University
Washington, D.C.

Language Barrier

Sirs:

Neither *The New Republic* nor Senator Yarborough seems aware (*Bilingual Education,* October 21) that the Spanish spoken by the majority of Mexican-Americans is very poor, an unsatisfactory amalgam of Spanish and English that with a corrective educative push could improve in *either* direction.

Now in which direction should we push? An observation from your own article answers this, I think: it is "a language barrier that separates the 6-7 million Spanish-speaking from climbing the economic ladder." Segregating children from homes where "Spanglish" is spoken into classes taught in any other language but English would only widen this barrier of language, not bridge it. . . . Instead of using federal funds to emphasize language segregation in teaching, why not use this money to subsidize language bonuses for teachers able to use Spanish as an effective tool in helping their students adjust to the English language teaching program?

From the above one might conclude that I was an enemy of teaching Spanish in our schools. No such thing. I have been fluent in Spanish for many years, and, if I had my way, would make Spanish an obligatory *second* language in all US schools. In a hemisphere we share with eighteen Spanish-speaking countries (not to mention Puerto Rico) it is stupid of us not to make a dedicated effort to maximize our ability to communicate with them effectively. However, our own citizens must be taught English first; to do otherwise would only make the successful integration of Mexican-Americans and other children from Spanish-speaking homes more difficult.

Dan L. Traub, Director,
American Cultural Center
Dalat, Vietnam

As a teacher for the last four years in a predominantly Mexican-American high school, I am afraid I must take exception to your recent article praising bilingual education. I think you paint the picture in much too black and white terms and leave the impression that all professional educators are in agreement and are only waiting for politicians to get out of the way.

This in fact is not the case and I can think of no topic that would create more argument in an East Los Angeles high school. That there is a problem is beyond doubt – though Senator Murphy's figures that "50 percent of Spanish speaking students in California

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drop out of school by the time they reach the eighth grade" should be given no more credence than the Senator's often-quoted figures on the availability of Mexican farm labor. California has a compulsory attendance law until the age of 16, and even if one grants that it is not enforced strictly with Mexican-American students, it is difficult or impossible to drop out before the tenth grade, and most dropouts occur in the 11th grade, one year before graduation.

The heart of the problem, however, is whether instruction in Spanish teaches a student more quickly and efficiently than instruction in English – and I think the results are mixed. It has been my experience that children pick up a language very rapidly. The last semester's student body president at our high school came to the US at the age of ten without having had a day's instruction in Mexico in any language. He is now a student at the University of California at Santa Barbara. The present student body president came to the US from Nicaragua six years ago, and is near the top of his class. Every teacher could cite scores of such cases with youngsters from Spanish-speaking countries.

On the other hand, there are many students who clearly give up when faced with a teacher who is talking over their heads in terms of vocabulary or speed. The vital point to me seems to be not the language the teacher is using, but the motivation of the student involved. To put all Spanish-speaking students into Spanish classes would be doing a grave injustice to the rapid, intelligent pupil who can pick up English in a year or two. Such classes should be reserved for the slower children or those who have trouble learning English, and every attempt should be made to shift them as soon as possible into English-speaking classes. No competent, sympathetic teacher penalizes a student for his difficulties in English.

There are indeed far too few Mexican-Americans in colleges but part of this is a cultural factor in Los Angeles, where an additional breadwinner is often necessary in a poor family. The situation is changing for the better.

Stephen M. Shields
Los Angeles, California

COMING

Dame Edith Sitwell's Court

by Stephen Spender

Pot

Sirs:

Admittedly, both misinformed physicians as well as contributors to what your writer ("The 'Crime' of Marijuana," October 7) refers to as "the authoritative *Medical Letter*" . . . may not have facts available to them to arrive at appropriately deductive conclusions regarding either the safety or the dangers of marijuana usage. Nevertheless, it does not appear to be quite necessary for your writer to deride the opinions, as flippantly as he does, of so eminent a pharmacologist as Dr. Constantinos J. Miras by quoting him . . . as having said, "he can recognize a chronic marijuana user from afar by the way he walks, talks and acts."

Not only is Dr. Miras a distinguished, highly respected pharmacologist and a member of the Department of Clinical Therapeutics, School of Medicine at the University of Athens but he is also recognized internationally as an authority on marijuana by the Expert Committee on Addiction-Producing Drugs of the World Health Organization; further, he was one of seven outstanding scientists invited to present a paper ("Some Aspects of Cannabis Action") at the Ciba Foundation Study Group on "Hashish, Its Chemistry and Pharmacology" held in London on October 21, 1964. . . .

The quotation attributed to Dr. Miras may indeed have more merit than your writer would have your readers believe. Many physicians (and certainly many laymen) who have trained themselves to be meticulously observant and who heed the dictum (as Dr. Miras undoubtedly does) that "more errors are made for not seeing than not knowing" will support Dr. Miras in his contention that certain individual patients (not necessarily restricted to chronic marijuana users) may be identified by their gait, general demeanor, speech, etc.

Charles Varga, MD
Univ. of Oregon Medical School

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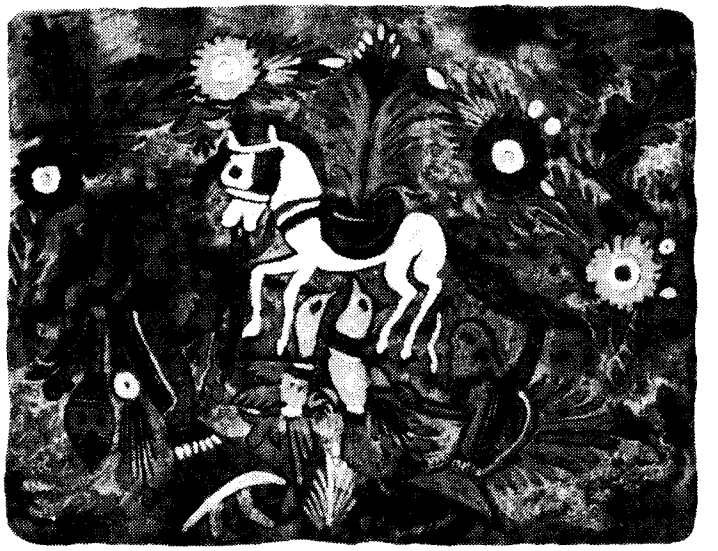

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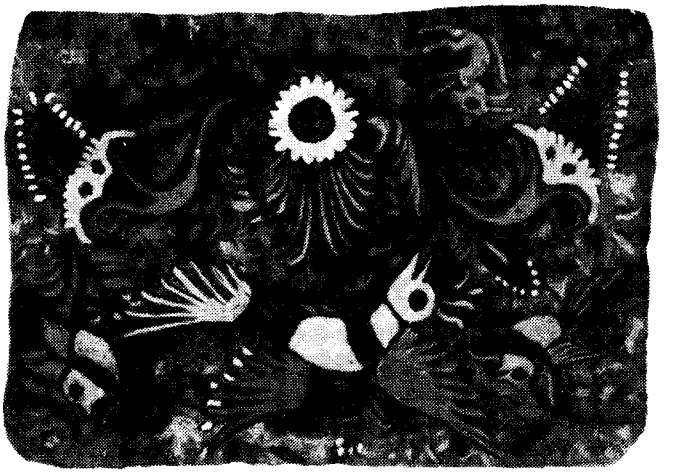

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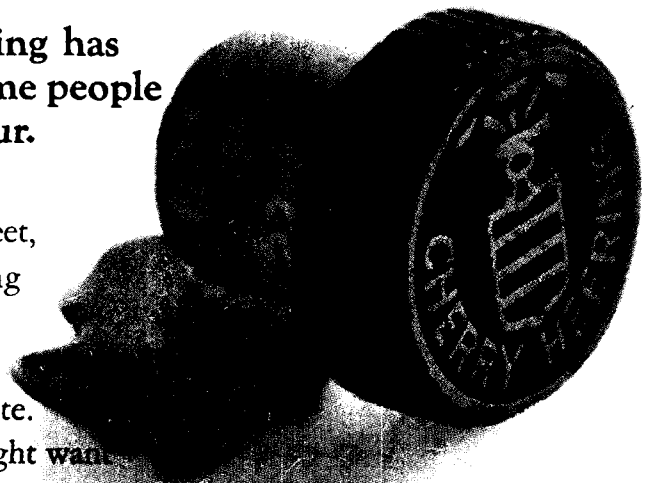
The most misunderstood drink in the world.

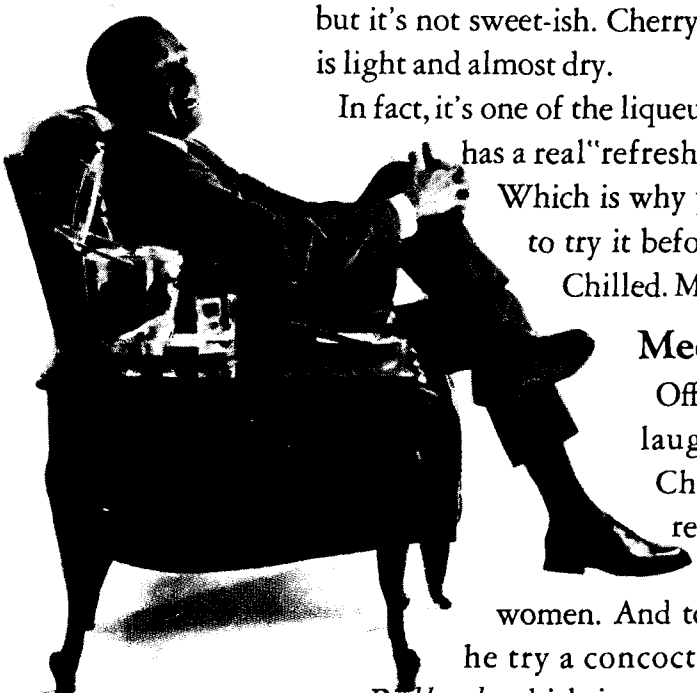
Just because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't.



Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste.

Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.



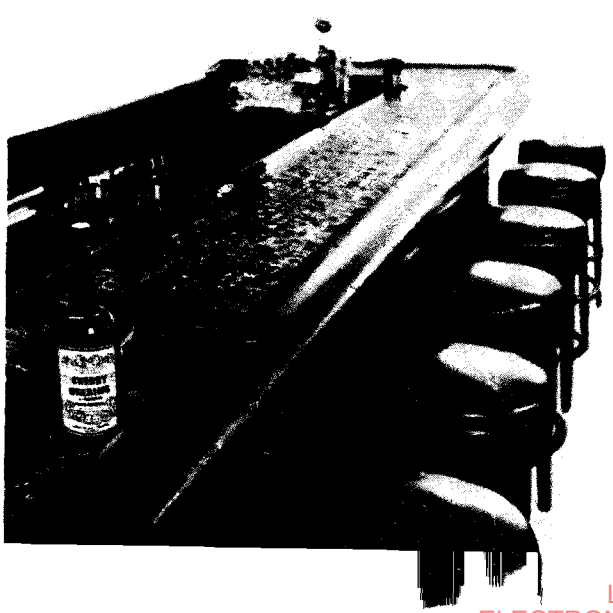
Meet misunderstanding #2

Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead,* which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?

cher-ry heer-ing (chĕr/ĭ hĭr/ĭng), *n.l.* an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry H*ear*ing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.



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